

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3368.—VOL. CXXIII

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.

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DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HALL.

*November 2 marked the first occasion in its long history that the Middle Temple was honoured with a reigning Sovereign's presence at dinner. His Majesty attended in virtue of his position as a Bencher of the society.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I was lately in the company of some ladies who told me sad stories of little boys at public schools. There was a correspondence in the papers not long ago about the short commons at those seats of learning. Our gallant troops used to chase De Wet on quarter rations; but think of the public schoolboy following Cæsar's campaigns, and always hungry! Cicero, according to Mommsen, was "a journalist in the worst sense." That is the uttermost pitch of erudition; but how is the public schoolboy to reach it if he has not enough to eat? The fond mothers of whom I speak assured me that at one school there is never a mouthful after five o'clock tea until the following morning. Maternal expostulation was met by plain official words. There were two alternatives, it was genially pointed out: first, to take the boy away; secondly, to supplement the school food with "extras," which are added to the bill. No pretence, you observe, that an immemorial diet had bred the intellect of England, and could not be swollen to gluttony without violating a glorious tradition. Fond mothers might order anything they chose to regard as the necessities of life. The school had no objection to pampered darlings, and the intellect of England might go hang. But the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill was the scholastic motto.

At another public school the authorities were very touchy on the subject of beer. "Do you think that a boy of nine or ten ought to drink beer at supper?" asked one admirable mother. I recalled the case of little David Copperfield, who was kindly relieved of a pint of ale by the waiter. The waiter told a startling anecdote of a gentleman named Topsawyer, who had recently drunk a pint of this very ale, and dropped down dead. "It was too old for him." The public-school brew is not deemed too old for the urchins who have to drink it. When parents ask why, they are sternly told that beer for supper has been the rule for a hundred years, and cannot be altered now to gratify a generation of milksops. Beer has national memories which are peculiarly its own. I have heard of a club where it is not served in the writing-room. A member can have brandy, champagne, port, sherry, and the other light wines of the country in that room, but beer, never. Nobody knows the reason. It is enshrined in no written rules. The oldest inhabitant can only surmise that back in the mists of time, when the tankard was always foaming, it was often set down on the mahogany tables till they had as many moist rims as the counter of a tavern bar. Then arose the austere regulation which banished the tankard from the room where the elbows of statesmen were apt to be imbrued in the tippie of their fellows.

I seem to remember that at a certain famous college a boy lost his life in a fire because the total lack of any safeguards in his dormitory had been considered good enough for a hundred years. His death led to some amendment of this tradition. Fond mothers may protest that beer is bad for their tender lambs; but until some tender lamb shares the fate of Mr. Topsawyer, you may be sure that the college brewery will be unabashed. There is a school where the boys are not allowed to wear overcoats. The air is decidedly bracing, and a lad with a weak chest keeps his mother, who is miles away, in a constant fever. She sent him a macintosh for wet days, and he is afraid to wear it lest the boys whose mothers are not so thoughtful should make his life a burden. If only some parent had the courage to insert an advertisement in the "agony" column! "Mothers, shoulder to shoulder! On Thursday next let us all with one accord send macintoshes to our sons at — School. Ulsters on Friday. Saturday, mufflers. Heartless tyranny which exposes them to the cold, cold blast can be defeated in no other way. When the whole school is ulstered, muffled, and macintoshed, down will go this bad old tradition of a hundred years."

At last I have a letter from a real chimney-sweep, who tells me that "sweeps wash more than they used to, and their health is better in consequence." "You don't get really black all over," he adds, "except doing boiler-work, and that is cruel at the best of times. If you don't keep clean you are liable to get sweep's cancer." And yet sweeps cling to a tradition, like public schools. "We always think that the soot keeps us safe from infection, but we don't leave it on longer than we can help." It is the eternal struggle between ancient custom and the modern spirit. My correspondent, fearful lest I should rush heedlessly into his profession, gives me a warning. "If you wished yourself a chimney-sweep, you would repent it when you came to washing yourself. How would you like, Sir, to wash with —" (he mentions a very famous soap; let us say Moonlight) "or something equally strong?" I should not have the courage; but, living contentedly in perpetual soot, I should pass it off as professional merit. It would make a capital advertisement. "N.B. — Always black. Never ashamed of the chimney. For England, home—and sooty!"

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie tells a quaint anecdote in *Cornhill* of a butler, in a family at Brighton, where the son of the house had fallen in love with the housemaid. The father, to quench this romantic passion, offered the butler two hundred pounds if he would marry the housemaid before twelve o'clock the next morning. The young man went out and shot himself on the Downs; and the butler, having pocketed the money, and gone through the ceremony, wrote a polite note to say that he feared it was invalid, as he had a wife already. This was not what Bill Crichton calls "playing the game." Imagine the disgust with which that Bayard of butlers, without fear and without reproach, would have heard that tale in the servants' hall! I believe he would have silenced the sordid narration lest it should dim the perfect faith of Tweeny in a butler's heroic virtues. This reminds me that I saw Mr. Barrie's comedy admirably played one night by a company which is diffusing his humour through the provinces. A hardened playgoer of thirty years, I remember no piece which has the peculiar vitality and glamour of this brilliant fantasy. Every line came as freshly to me as when I heard it first.

A lady writes from Ottawa to condole with me on the dullness of London life. The Canadian air just now, she says, would make me feel like "a new-jumped axe"—a most exhilarating sensation, as I can well imagine. The sun-spots which, by some private arrangement with Sir Norman Lockyer, have given us the heaviest rainfall known in our history, do not, I presume, operate in Canada. This Colonial preference chastens my Imperialism! "If you come to Ottawa," says my correspondent, "you will see our House of Commons." If it is full of "new-jumped axes," it must be a very lively assembly. But I am not fond of Parliamentary arenas. On the principle of the sceptic who did not believe in ghosts because he had seen too many of them, I have heard too many orators to have much taste for oratory. Canada, I daresay, produces some daring flights of eloquence. But can she rival the Yankee orator who described the Republic as bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the Gates of Hades, on the east by the Garden of Eden, and on the west by the Day of Judgment? If the "new-jumped axes" can jump any higher than that, I am willing to give them a silent vote.

I have seen the autumn tints in the woods of Quebec, and offered suitable reflections on the spot where Wolfe made his glorious end. No physiognomist, by the way, has ever explained why this dauntless soul looked out of such a weak and unprepossessing face. But I do not remember that Canada struck me as the land of strange dreams. There must be something uncanny in the atmosphere of Ottawa, for my correspondent had a vegetarian nightmare, which she recites to me very impressively. She dreamed that the beasts of the field, owing to the entire cessation of the butcher's business, had multiplied beyond reckoning and grown to an abnormal size, so that it was impossible to take a stroll without encountering some gigantic quadruped, who sniffed in a supercilious manner, as who should say, "If vegetarian principles were not dearer to me than life, I should make a meal of you!" Can it be that this vision is prophetic? Will enormous herds roam over the plains of Canada, gazing with wide-eyed wonder at the descendants of the Dukhobors engaged in the ancestral practice of leaving off their clothes for devotional exercises? Will this be the result of making Canada the granary of the Empire? Will the House of Commons at Ottawa be composed entirely of farinaceous philosophers? I commend this to the champions in the fiscal controversy, who seem to be rather at a loss for novel illustrations.

When I suggested last week that Mr. Lang's habit of putting questions would make an intellectual pastime for the winter evenings, little did I think that I should be hailed as a public benefactor! A correspondent at Eastbourne writes: "May I use your idea for a winter game—asking questions; and the person who gives an answer to pay a forfeit"? By all means! What do I care for a colossal bust or trophy for triumphal show, if I can go down to posterity as the inventor of a parlour game? But no; the palm should belong to another. It was Mr. Lang, after all, who sowed the seed. If I have made it fructify why should the sower be forgotten? When posterity is tired of Mr. Lang's "History of Scotland" it may continue to honour him by playing that game of questions and forfeits. Therefore I hope my friend at Eastbourne will give Mr. Lang this chance of an enduring popularity. The game should have an imperishable title, something that will engrave it on the hearts of all. I can imagine a Christmas scene, A.D. 2003. The company have grown weary of cards and conundrums. There is a surfeit of crackers and tinsy-cake. Suddenly a voice is heard: "Let us play Auld Lang Syne!" Yes, by that fond name the game is known; and a hundred years hence it will start with the merry cry, "Who was Andrew Lang?"

## THE PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

The Duke of Devonshire has written a letter which causes a good deal of surmise. He suggests, apparently, that the Liberal Unionists may have to reconsider their position with regard to the question of rejoining the Liberal party. Some difference of opinion is said to have arisen in the Free Food League in consequence of Sir Michael Hicks Beach's reported undertaking to support Mr. Balfour's policy. There is much speculation as to the attitude of the Colonies, and it is freely asserted by the Opposition that Mr. Chamberlain has no Colonial support. Mr. Asquith stated at Paisley that there was not the faintest indication of a desire on the part of the Colonies to adopt the new policy. Mr. Deakin, however, the Australian Premier, has warmly supported Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. G. H. Reid, the leader of the Free Traders in the Commonwealth, declares that material concessions ought to be made to the Mother Country. Canada is offering to make preferential arrangements with South Africa.

Mr. Asquith renewed at Paisley the criticisms to which Mr. Chamberlain had taken exception. He contended that the foreign "dumping" was a suicidal policy which could not be persisted in without creating an agitation which would overthrow Protection. To this it is answered that no such agitation exists in the United States, and that American manufacturers are not usually regarded as suicidal. Sir William Harcourt at Rawtenstall made a lively attack on the Government, which he said was the most ridiculous he had ever seen. The only men with settled convictions had withdrawn from Mr. Balfour's Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain was preaching "a gospel of universal dearness," and making totally unfounded statements as to the condition of British trade. Sir William reviewed our commercial development since the repeal of the Corn Laws, and demanded whether the country desired to restore the conditions which prevailed in 1842. At Liverpool Mr. Chamberlain had sought to sow dissension between the British workman and the trades union leaders. It was absurd to say that the Trades Union Congress did not represent the working classes.

At Nottingham Mr. Morley said the Ministerial policy was a masquerade, and wondered when it would end. He could see no reason for meddling with our commercial system. It was ideal for the working classes. They were comfortable in Great Britain, also in Holland and Denmark, which approximated to Free Trade. How any man could propound a policy which might throw the country back into the misery which prevailed under Protection, Mr. Morley could not conceive. As for retaliation, it was bound to land us in the bogs and quicksands; and as for Empire, that was a phantasmagoria. At Aberdeen Mr. Austen Chamberlain said it was absurd to pretend that retaliation would not improve our position. The undoubted stagnation of our trade was due, not to defective education, but to foreign tariffs. These must be combated, and our hold strengthened in the Colonial markets. There was no alternative to the policy of the Government. Foreign nations must be made to understand that if they persisted in this unfair competition, we would withdraw from them the unparalleled hospitality they had enjoyed so long.

Mr. John Burns has a vigorous article in the *Independent Review*, evidently written before Mr. Chamberlain's indictment of trades unions as incompatible with the principle of Free Trade. Cobden, said Mr. Chamberlain, had denounced the unions as brutal tyranny, and had declared that he would rather live "under the Dey of Algiers than under a trades committee." Mr. Burns deals with the question of wages, and shows that they have advanced both for skilled and unskilled labour between 1886 and 1902. In the same review Herr Bernstein gives an unfavourable account of the effect of Protection in Germany, and alleges that nobody profits by the system except the ironmasters. In the *Monthly Review* Mr. Winston Churchill has a prophetic sketch of the conflict of commercial interests which will be created in the Legislature by the adoption of a protective tariff. In the *Fortnightly Review* "Calchas" declares that Mr. Chamberlain will win the fight single-handed, and that the Government does not count. Mr. Chamberlain has already eclipsed Gladstone, Disraeli, and Palmerston, and has no peer in our political history save Chatham. He is like Thomas Aquinas among the doctors—far superior to all of them. A writer in the same review believes that the new policy, if successful, will bring about the triumph of Socialism and the suppression of all individual enterprise in commerce by a cast-iron bureaucracy. Mr. Chamberlain proposes to limit his corn duty, but from two shillings it will soon rise to twelve, and his ten per cent. on foreign manufactures will swell to fifty and even seventy-five. On the other hand, Mr. Benjamin Taylor argues in the *Nineteenth Century* that the corn duty will never exceed two shillings, which will amply serve the purpose of Colonial preference without raising prices. Mr. Taylor tells a curious story of Dutch cheese. In 1860 Mr. Gladstone took the duty off Dutch cheese, but the price did not budge. It was found that the English buyer was so accustomed to the old price that he was unwilling to see it altered! Curiosity has been excited by Mr. Chamberlain's exemption of maize and bacon from his projected duties. It is explained that as maize is not grown in this country, and is the food of the very poor, the duty would fall entirely on the consumer. When an article is produced at home, a duty on the imported article falls partly on the foreigner. As bacon is home-made in great quantities, its exemption is still a mystery.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## DUSE IN "LA PRINCESSE GEORGES."

To watch Eleonora Duse in "La Princesse Georges" is to see how even a cynical and bald story of drawing-room intrigue, like this of the younger Dumas', can be exalted by consummate histrionic art. The central idea of the piece, which was produced thirty-two years ago at the Paris Gymnase, is a wife's melancholy infatuation for a systematically unfaithful husband; and scarcely the Duse can recommend a heroine so devoid of her sex's dignity that she, on the one hand, employs her maid as a spy, on the other consents to receive her acknowledged rival. Yet the moods of the fond and too-forgiving wife are so varying, and fill so large a place in this one-part play, that her Italian representative, with her unique facial mobility, her rare command of emotion, renders the Princess's trials infinitely affecting; while at the close of the second act, when the long-pent jealousy bursts into fury, the passion of the Duse's voice and the wildness of her gestures present the very incarnation of outraged womanhood lost to all control. Here the Southern temperament of the actress reveals itself, here last Saturday Signora Duse carried her Adelphi audience by storm.

## MR. LEWIS WALLER'S "BEAUCAIRE" AT THE IMPERIAL.

Fresh from a successful provincial tour, Mr. Lewis Waller opened the handsome Imperial playhouse last Tuesday evening with a drama the theatrical appeal of which has already at the Comedy proved quite irresistible. Frenchmen may smile at an American author's conception of an Orleanist duke in exile, as they have smiled at the English company's various pronunciations of the two words "Monsieur Beaucaire." Other purists may raise their eyebrows over the thus-named play's re-employment of old clichés, especially the time-honoured one which ultimately reveals the masquerading valet as a great nobleman. But at least "Monsieur Beaucaire" has some of the best qualities of a picaresque romance—colour, adventure, vivacity; the clash of swords, the maintenance of suspense, a regard for climax. At least, too, the players have learnt how to wear fine costume and play with foil or fan, how to spout heroics and ruffle it like persons of quality. Above all, Mr. Waller himself has the proper gusto of manner, the right bravura style for your picturesque gallant; and Miss Grace Lane proves the prettiest-voiced and most natural of sentimental heroines. And so there is little doubt but that Mr. Booth Tarkington's stirring tale of how the French stranger won his ady's heart, though doubly confessed an impostor, will continue at the Imperial Theatre, as hitherto elsewhere, to move the tears and quicken the pulses of those innumerable playgoers who have soft hearts and romantic prepossessions.

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## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE KING AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

The grandest of "grand" nights in the long history of the Middle Temple was celebrated on Nov. 2, when King Edward VII. dined with his fellow-benchers in the historic Hall of the society. Never before in the history of the Middle Temple has it been honoured by entertaining a reigning Sovereign, and the occasion will be for ever memorable in its annals. His Majesty entered by the Embankment gateway shortly before eight o'clock, and passed through the lines of the Inns of Court Volunteers drawn up as a guard-of-honour. At the Hall the Treasurer of the society, Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney-General, welcomed his Majesty; and, heralded by the thud of the head porter's staff, Master his Majesty the King passed, with a distinguished company, up the Hall to the high table. Ancient usage forbade any outward demonstration of loyalty, so the procession went by in silence, although the members of the Junior Bar—like the ranks of Tuscany—could scarce forbear to cheer. The toasts were few, and there was no speech-making. Sir Robert Finlay gave "The King," "The Queen and the Royal Family," followed by "Domus" and "Absent Friends." The loving-cup was afterwards circulated, and then his Majesty and the principal guests passed down the other side of the Hall, at which point custom permitted loud and enthusiastic cheers. Dessert was served to the members of the high table in the Parliament Chamber, and when his Majesty took his departure at half-past ten, he was again enthusiastically cheered by his brethren in the law as he passed down the corridor. Among those invited to meet his Majesty were the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, and the President of the Royal Academy.

With regard to the Russian reoccupation of Mukden, the Emperor of China has held a Council at the

Summer Palace. Prince Ching and Wang Wen-Shao excused themselves from attendance on the ground of ill-health, although they are known to be perfectly well. The official organ of the Russian Viceroy of the Far East, General Alexeieff, affirms that Korea has never been the object of the military preparations recently made by Japan. It further affirms that there is no ground for any expectation that the situation in the Far East will be modified in the near future.

OUR SUPPLEMENT. That bone of contention between Russia and Japan, Korea, the "Hermit Kingdom," forms the subject of our Supplement this week. We illustrate many curious customs in that strange country, where, among other peculiarities, the people wear their socks cut for right and left foot, although their boots will fit either. The remarkable boots of padded felt are to be seen in our illustration of a Korean in full mourning costume. Our photographs and article are by one who resided for many years in this interesting part of the Far East.

THE CZAR'S LEITER. The Czar has written to President Loubet a letter which is received in France with chastened satisfaction. It intimates that the new treaty between France and England, and the reconciliation of the Republic and Italy, are welcome to Russia. We do not imagine that they kindle positive enthusiasm at St. Petersburg. That the three Western Powers should have drawn together is, in the Czar's opinion, a fresh guarantee of European peace. But it is a guarantee which suggests to some Frenchmen that the Dual Alliance is no longer of the highest importance to French interests. M. Guyot has been asking what

equivalents France has received for the services she has rendered to Russia, and the answer is not obvious. With French money, Russia has been able to press on with the Trans-Siberian Railway, and to accumulate war material at Port Arthur. These are undertakings which the French contemplate with respectful but somewhat distant sympathy. Perhaps Count Lamsdorff took to Paris fresh assurances of Russian friendship. He is said to have been most amiable on the subject of Morocco. But the relations of France with Great Britain and Italy make it unnecessary for her to look for help elsewhere. Besides, Russia's interest in Morocco is purely academic. French traders complain that

best to estrange the two nations—a mistake he afterwards strove to remedy by strongly advising the encouragement of Anglo-German friendship. The late Professor, who was born at Garding, in Schleswig, on Nov. 30, 1817, studied at Kiel, and, after three years' travel, was appointed Professor of Law at Leipzig. Five years later he became Titular Professor of Law at Zurich, and later held a similar position at Breslau and Berlin. In 1875 the Leipzig University gave him the post of Professor of Jurisprudence.

Mr. James MacLaren Cobban, the well-known author and journalist, who died on Oct. 31, after a long and painful illness, first came into notice with "The Cure of Souls," issued in 1879, but it is chiefly on "Master of his Fate" (inspired by the late William Ernest Henley's poem), "The Red Sultan," and "The Angel of the Covenant," which deals with the early history of Montrose, that his reputation rests. Many of his stories were frankly written to satisfy the easy-going and not too captious reader of periodicals, and must be regarded as fugitive. His journalistic work was sound, and he contributed numerous articles to the *National Observer*, the *Morning Post*, and other journals. Mr. Cobban, who was born in Aberdeen on April 24, 1849, was educated in that city and at New College, London; became a tutor, and was for a short time a minister.

The death of Countess Spencer, which took place on Oct. 31, will be keenly felt by a wide circle of social and political friends. During the terms of Earl Spencer's Viceroyalty in Ireland, and during successive Liberal Administrations, Lady Spencer played the hostess to perfection, and the brilliant gatherings in the Viceregal Lodge and in the famous "Red" drawing-room of Spencer House bore witness alike to the popularity of her husband and herself enjoyed. The late Countess was the daughter of Mr. Frederick Charles William Seymour and granddaughter of the first Marquis of Bristol, and was married to the Earl in 1858. She was one of the ladies entitled to wear the Order of Victoria and Albert.

Rear-Admiral John Durnford, C.B., D.S.O., who takes Rear-Admiral Sir A. W. Moore's place as Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope Station, entered the Navy in 1862, served in the Burma War of 1885 and 1886, and commanded the Naval Brigade in Upper Burma in 1887. He has been a Junior Lord of the Admiralty since 1901.

THE GREAT MAGNETIC STORM. On Oct. 31 the telegraph and telephone instruments throughout Europe and the United States were disturbed by an extraordinary magnetic storm which seriously interrupted communication. These manifestations are always coincident with the appearance of solar prominences, and the relation between the two sets of phenomena have been dealt with diagrammatically on another page. The effect of the storm was less felt in England than in France, Switzerland, and the United States. Auroral displays are also common during these storms, and these were duly observed in great magnificence at New York on the morning of the 31st.

THE FIRE IN THE VATICAN. The fire in the Vatican library, comparatively slight though it appears to have been, has caused a far greater sensation in Rome than any event that has occurred since the death of Pope Leo XIII.

The reason is not far to seek. In face of the general danger, the Italian firemen were summoned to the aid of the Vatican employés, and for the first time since the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy, the Italian authorities, as represented by the Mayor, the Prefect, the police officials, and the Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, entered the Vatican in their official capacities. The Pope and his Secretary of State, Monsignor Merry del Val, both visited the scene of the conflagration, his Holiness superintending the precautionary measures.

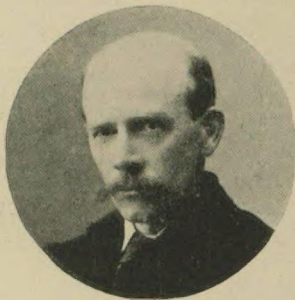


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. J. MACLAREN COBBAN,  
AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.



Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE COUNTESS SPENCER.

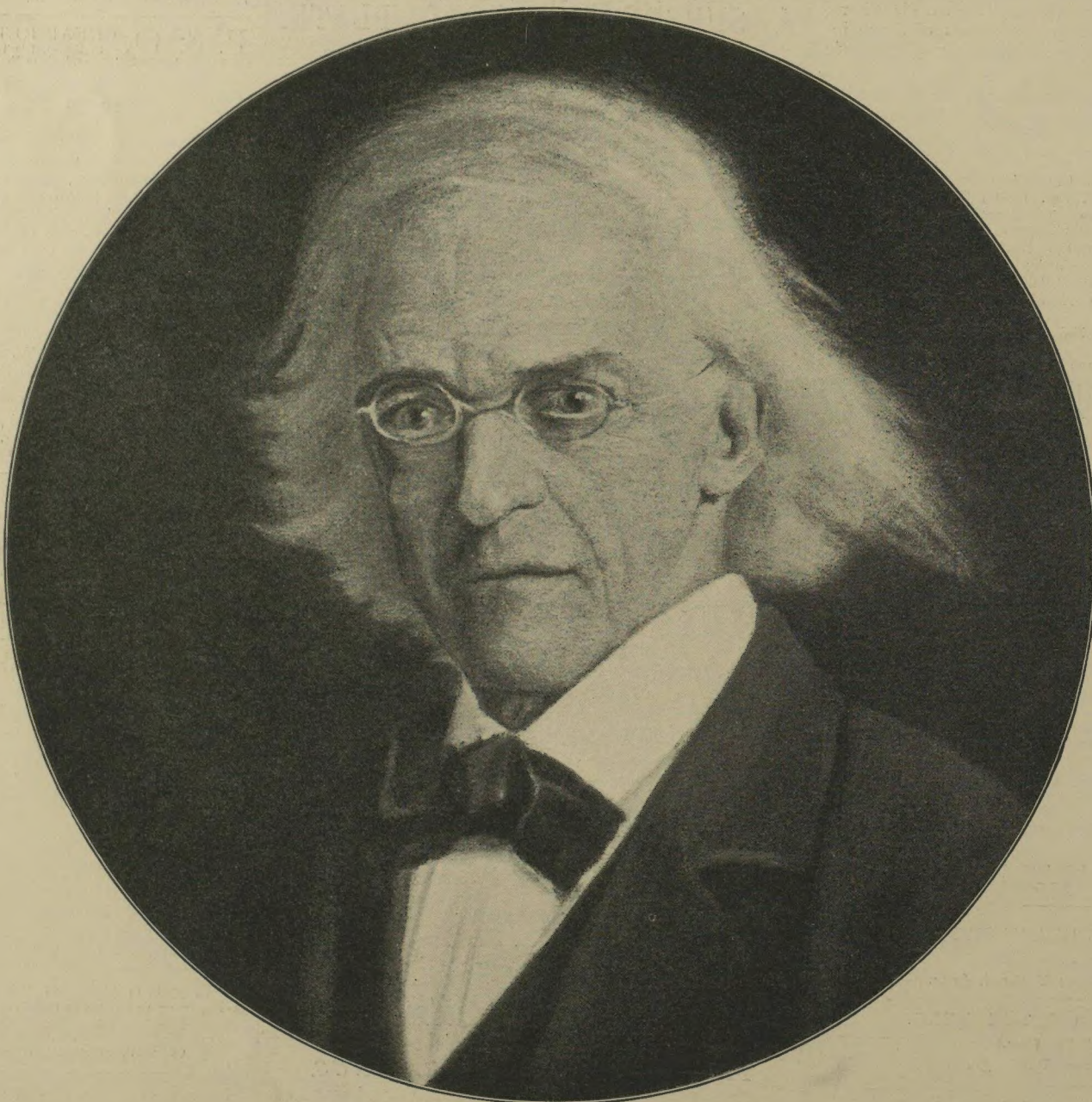


Photo. Russell.  
REAR-ADMIRAL J. DURNFORD,  
NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE STATION.

Russia has offered them no advantages. In short, the Dual Alliance is a one-sided arrangement, and all the substantial gain is on the Russian side.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The death of Professor Theodor Mommsen on Nov. 1 sent Germany into mourning for perhaps the greatest of her historians. To the general public Professor Mommsen is best known by his "History of Rome," written nearly fifty years ago; to scholars and archaeologists by his "Roman Jurisprudence" and his work in connection with "Monumenta Germaniæ Historica"; but the extent of his writing was such that it would be impossible to mention a tithe of his labours in a brief notice. An existing bibliography of



THE LATE PROFESSOR THEODOR MOMMSEN, THE GREATEST EUROPEAN HUMANIST.

Mommseniana covers several hundred printed pages. Like Mr. Lecky, Professor Mommsen was politician as well as student and man of letters; but he was a fighting politician, and of late years he was in serious danger of lessening his reputation by too close and not too well-informed attention to current political matters. His outburst against France after 1870 caused the erasure of his name from the list of members of the Legion of Honour; during the recent South African War he headed the German protestants against this country, and did his





A NEW MILTON STATUE, TO BE ERECTED BESIDE THE POET'S BURIAL-PLACE.

The statue, designed by Mr. Horace Montford, and presented by Mr. Deputy J. J. Baddeley, will be erected on a site adjoining St. Giles's, Cripplegate, if ground can be secured.



Photo, Anglo-German Press.

THE RENEWAL OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE SUNDIAL.

Whenever the Middle Temple's sundial is renewed, the initials of the Treasurer for the year are engraved upon it. Sir Robert Finlay's initials will have a special historical significance, owing to the King's visit.



Photo, Anglo-German Press.

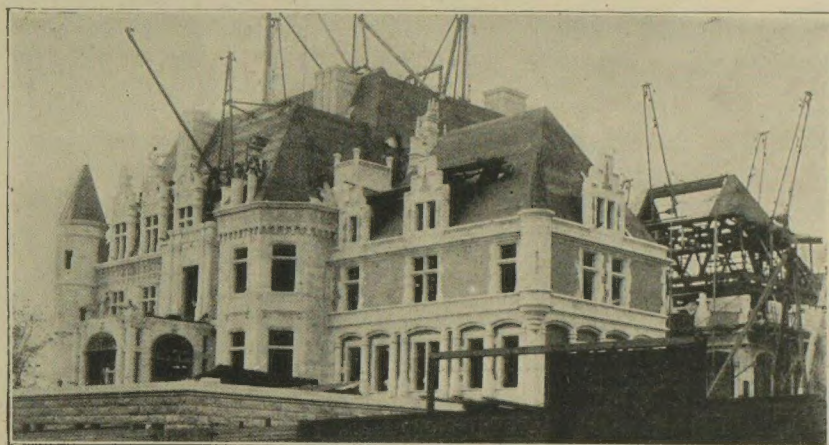
A VANISHING SOUTH LONDON LANDMARK: THE OBELISK AT ST. GEORGE'S CIRCUS.

This monument, which was erected in the eleventh year of George III., is shortly to be replaced by a clock-tower. It marks a distance of exactly one mile from Palace Yard.



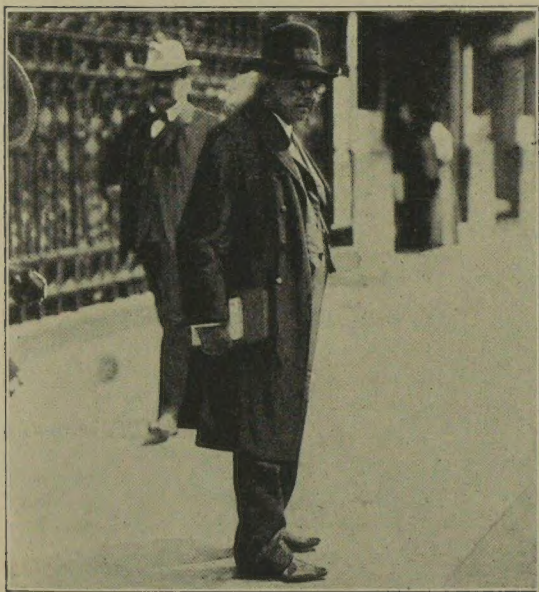
Photo, Dalby Smith.

THE RECENT GREAT FLOODS: PAR STATION, CORNWALL, WITH THE INUNDATED RAILWAY TRACK.



Photo, Grantham Bain.

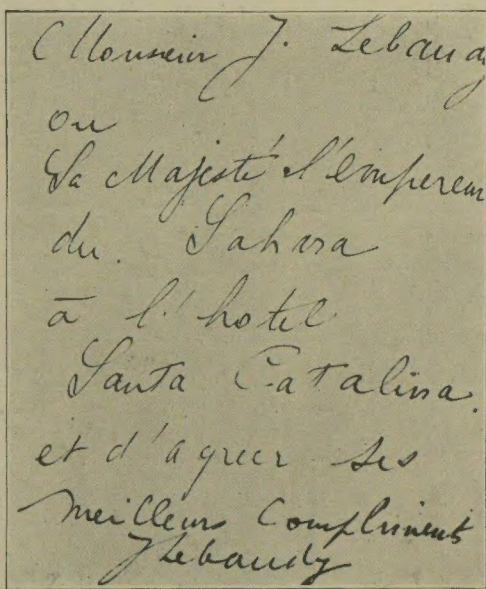
A PALACE FOR A STEEL TRUST MILLIONAIRE: MR. SCHWAB'S NEW HOUSE IN NEW YORK.



Bertmer Illustrationsgesellschaft.

THE LATE DR. MOMMSEN: A CHARACTERISTIC STUDY.

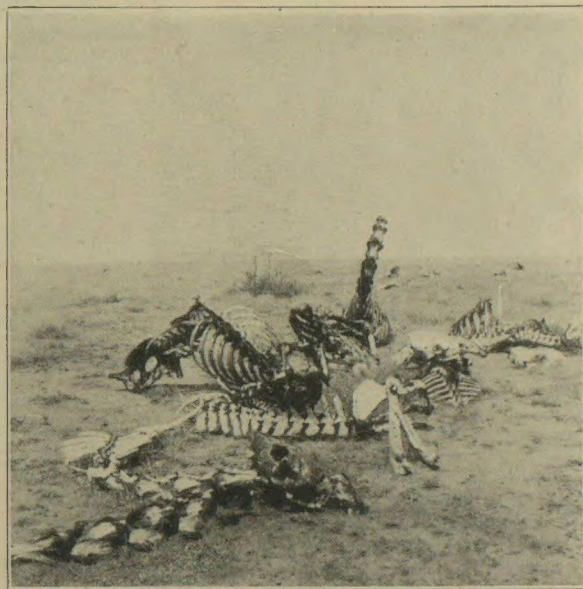
Until a very few days before his death, the Professor could be seen going to and from the Berlin University Library loaded with books. He made a curiously picturesque figure with his long straggling white locks and his negligent dress.



Photo, Gribaydoff.

IMPERIAL ASSUMPTION: M. JACQUES LEBAUDY'S SIGNATURE AS "EMPEROR OF THE SAHARA."

M. Lebaudy, who it is said will shortly be brought to trial for his recent actions in the Sahara, signed the letter from which the above is an extract at Las Palmas.



THE RESULT OF THE DROUGHT IN SOMALILAND: REMAINS OF TRANSPORT CAMELS.

The recent terrible drought in Somaliland has left its melancholy vestiges all over the country in the skeletons of transport animals that have perished of thirst.



Photo, Gribaydoff.

FOR THE SAKE OF ABSENT ONES AT SEA: A CURIOUS BRETON CUSTOM.

In order to secure the welfare of their absent relatives, the Breton fisherwomen perform an act of homage by crawling under the tombstones of local saints, which are very numerous.



Photo, Cribb.

CLAIMED ON BEHALF OF HIS MAJESTY: THE WASHING ASHORE OF A LIVE TORPEDO.

A torpedo which had been lost at target-practice has been washed ashore at Southsea near Clarence Pier. The calcium light of the projectile was still burning.



M. Erscoillot.

M. Combes.

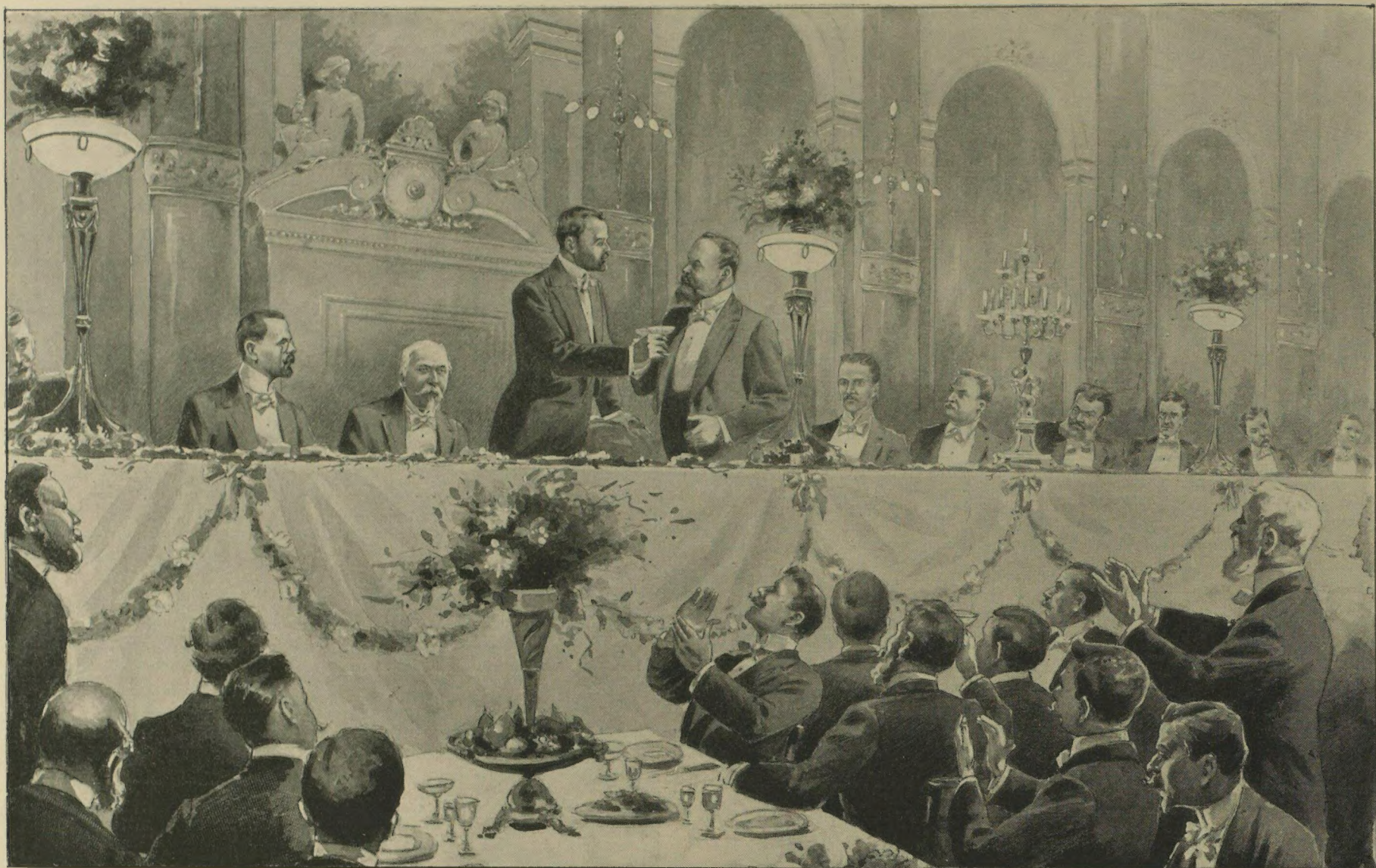
English President.

M. Mascurand.

English Vice-President.

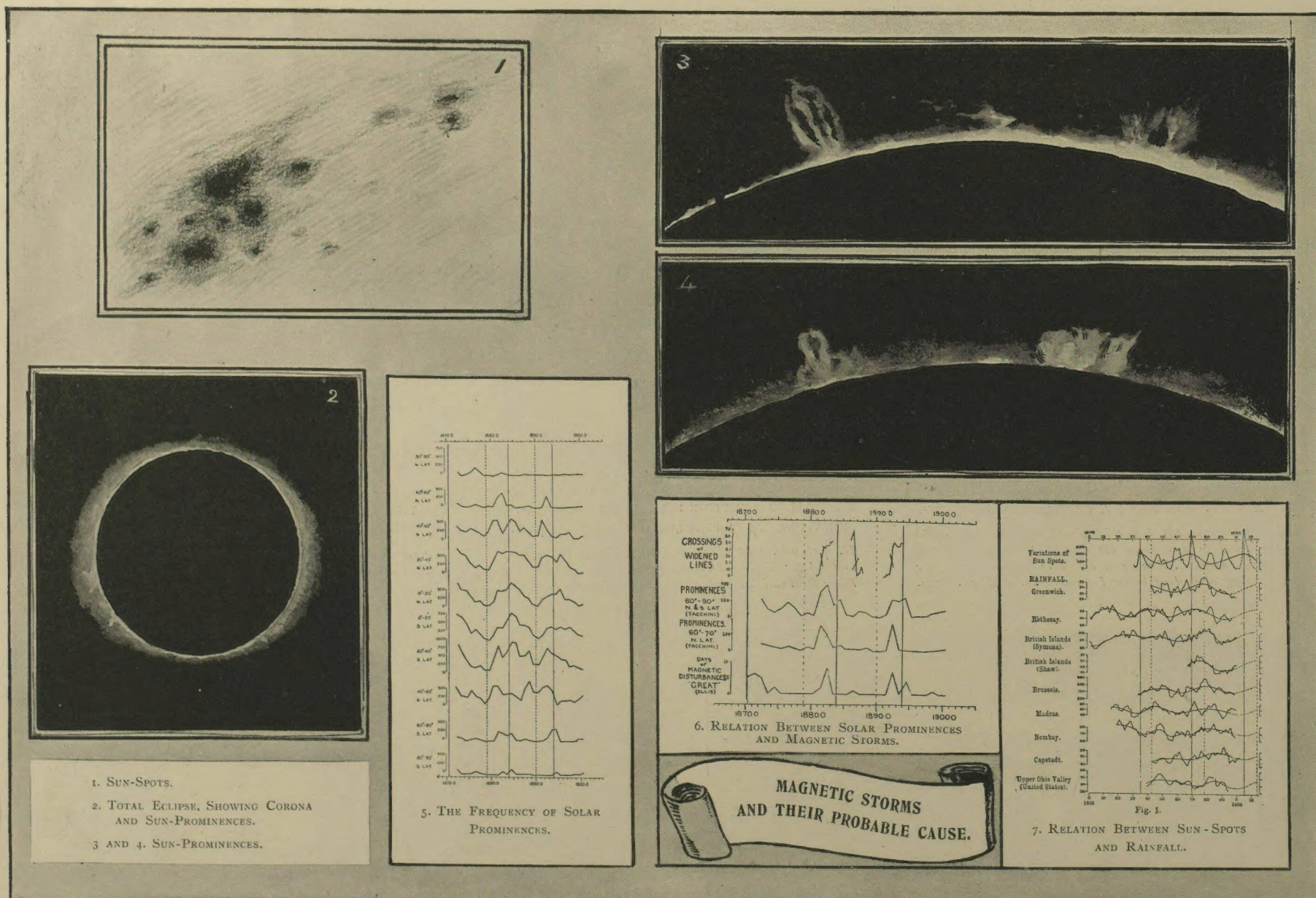
M. Etienne.

M. Pelletan.



THE VISIT OF THE LONDON CITY MERCHANTS TO FRANCE: THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION.

The recent visit of the French Chamber of Commerce to England was thus pleasantly reciprocated. The English merchants went in a private capacity, but were officially received.



## THE GREAT MAGNETIC STORM OF OCTOBER 31, AND ITS RELATION TO THE SOLAR PROMINENCES

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, AT THE SOLAR PHYSICS OBSERVATORY.

(5) Diagram showing the frequency of solar prominences: the continuous and broken vertical lines show the epochs of sun-spot maxima and minima. (6) Relation between magnetic disturbances and sun-prominences: the greatest disturbances occur about a year before the sun-spot maxima, indicated by the continuous vertical line. (7) Agreement of rainfall with sun-spots: the continuation of the curve by dots shows the probable increase of the rainfall for the next few years; but Sir Norman Lockyer wishes to point out that this does not mean a prophecy—with which he has been credited by some journals—of ten or eleven continuous bad years. The line of sun-spot variations is so fluctuating that there is every probability of the occurrence of dry years within the period. The prominences which are concomitant with the magnetic disturbances occur only in the polar latitudes of the sun. Those shown in Diagrams 3 and 4 were observed during the great eclipse of May 1900. Diagram 3 is the American observation; Diagram 4, Sir Norman Lockyer's of the same phenomenon, as seen from Kensington.



THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN LONDON: HUMOURS OF THE CONTEST.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



ROUND ABOUT THE POLLING BOOTHS.

*The general tendency of this year's municipal elections in London has been in favour of the Progressives.*



# THE INAUGURATION OF KING EDWARD VII.'S SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES AT MIDHURST.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MIDHURST.



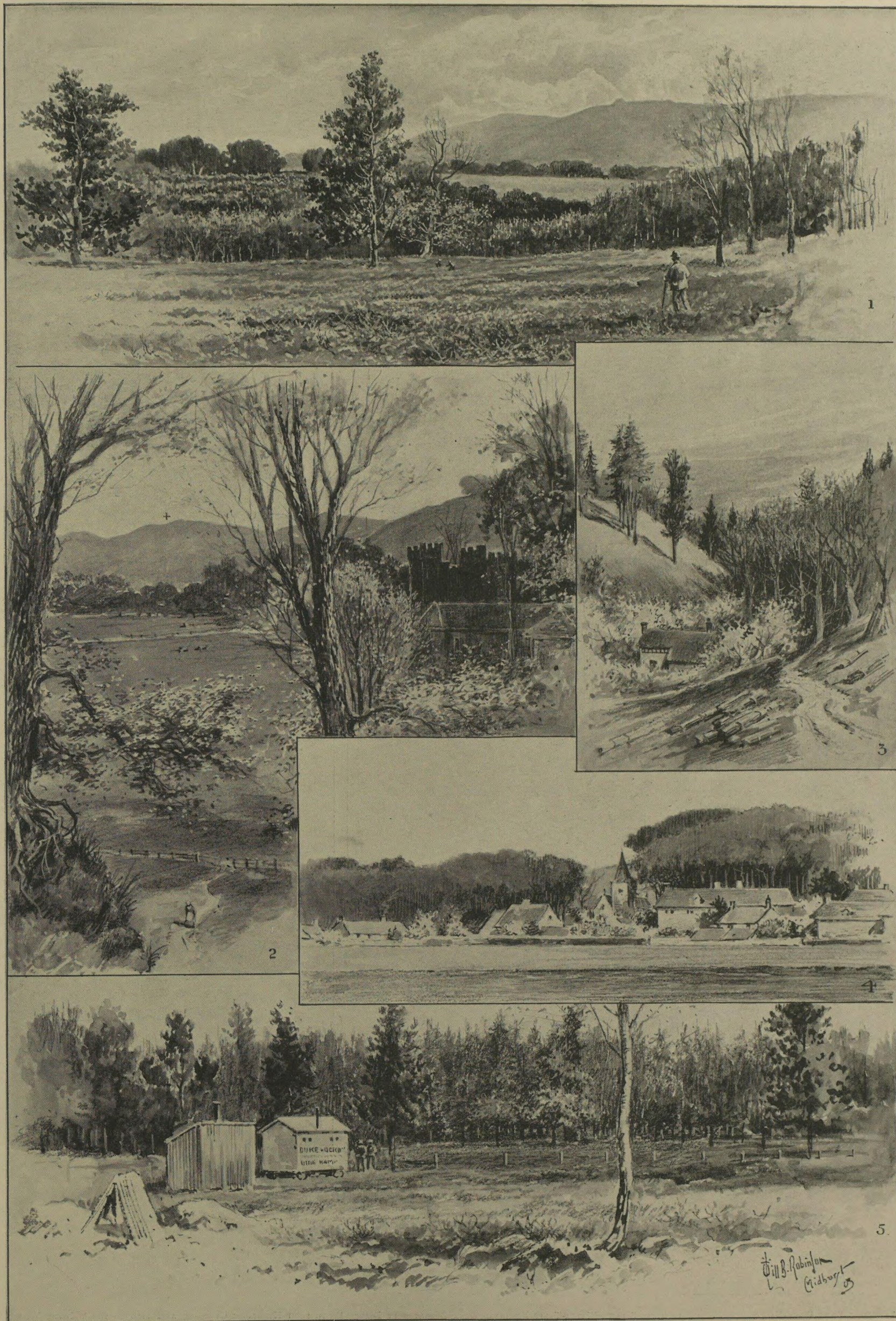
THE KING LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING—ON LORD'S COMMON, MIDHURST, NOVEMBER 3.

The Sanatorium, the money for which has been provided by an anonymous donor, who is understood to be Sir Ernest Cassel, is to be built on a splendid upland in Sussex at a height of about 600 feet above sea-level. His Majesty, who formulated the idea of putting to this excellent use the £200,000 given to him for charitable purposes, attended in person to lay the foundation-stone. The design of the buildings, which we here reproduce, is by Mr. H. P. Adams.



# THE FOUNDING OF THE KING'S SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MIDHURST.

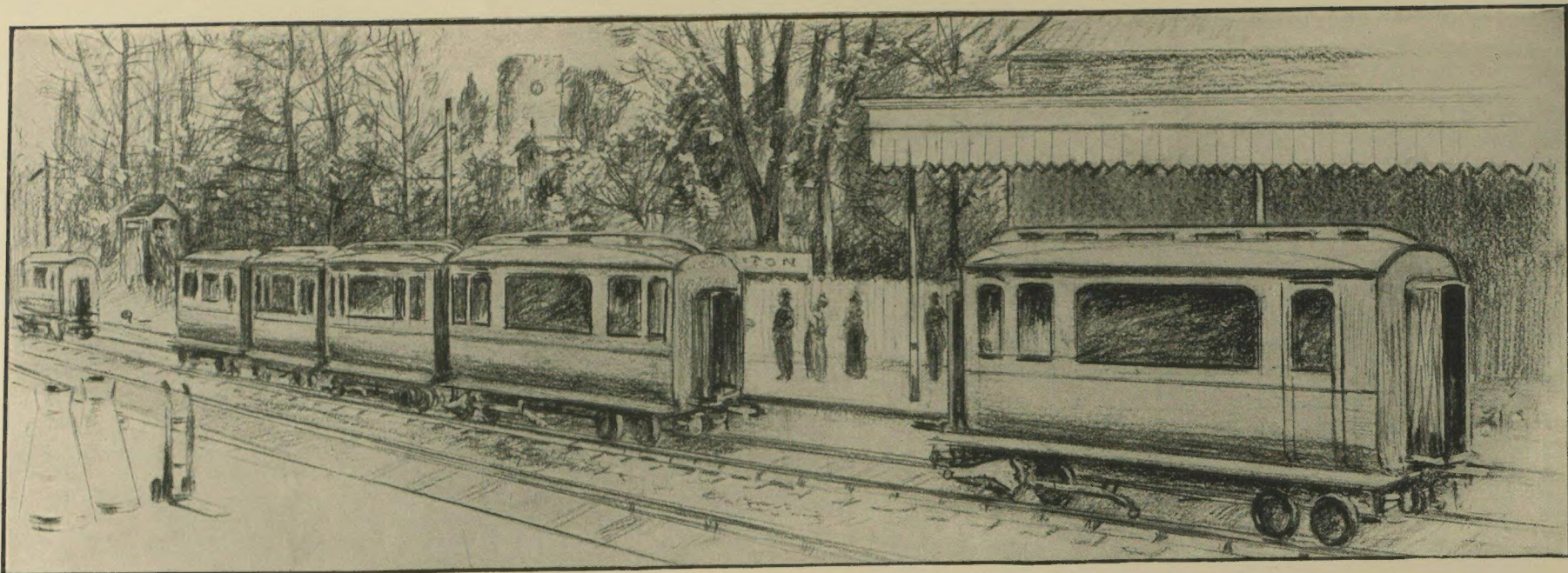


THE SITE OF THE KING EDWARD VII. SANATORIUM ON LORD'S COMMON, MIDHURST, WHERE HIS MAJESTY LAID THE FOUNDATION-STONE ON NOVEMBER 3.

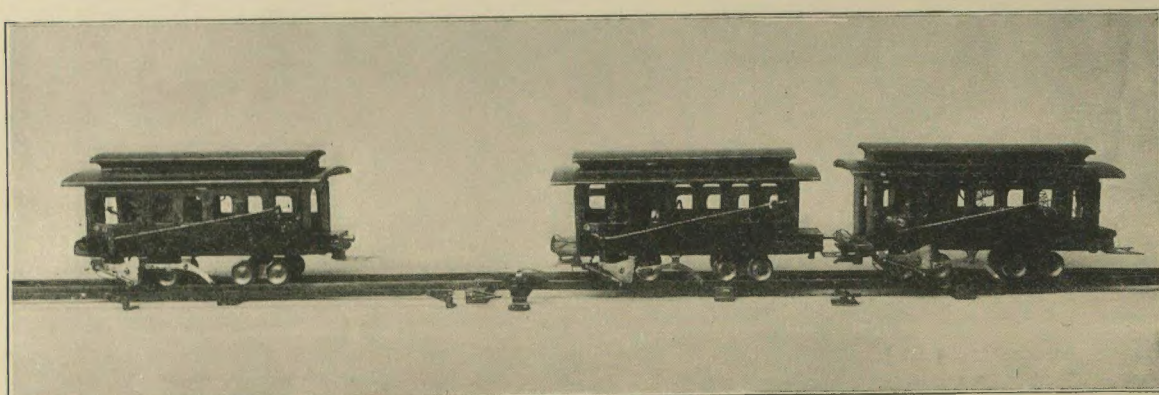
1. THE VIEW FROM THE SITE, SHOWING THE SOUTH DOWNS.  
3. A WOODMAN'S COTTAGE ON LORD'S COMMON.

2. THE SITE (+) 600 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, AS SEEN FROM NEAR COWDRAY CASTLE, MIDHURST.  
4. THE NEAREST VILLAGE TO THE SANATORIUM—EASBOURNE. 5. THE SITE OF THE SANATORIUM.

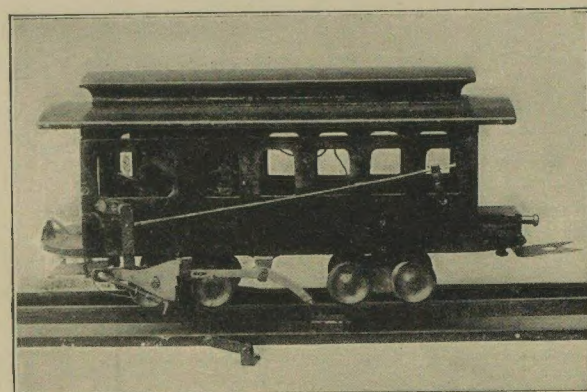




THE TRAIN PASSING A STATION, DROPPING AND PICKING UP CARRIAGES FITTED WITH RELEASING SWITCHES.



MODEL DETACHED CARRIAGE IN RAPID MOTION ABOUT TO BE PICKED UP BY THE TRAIN.

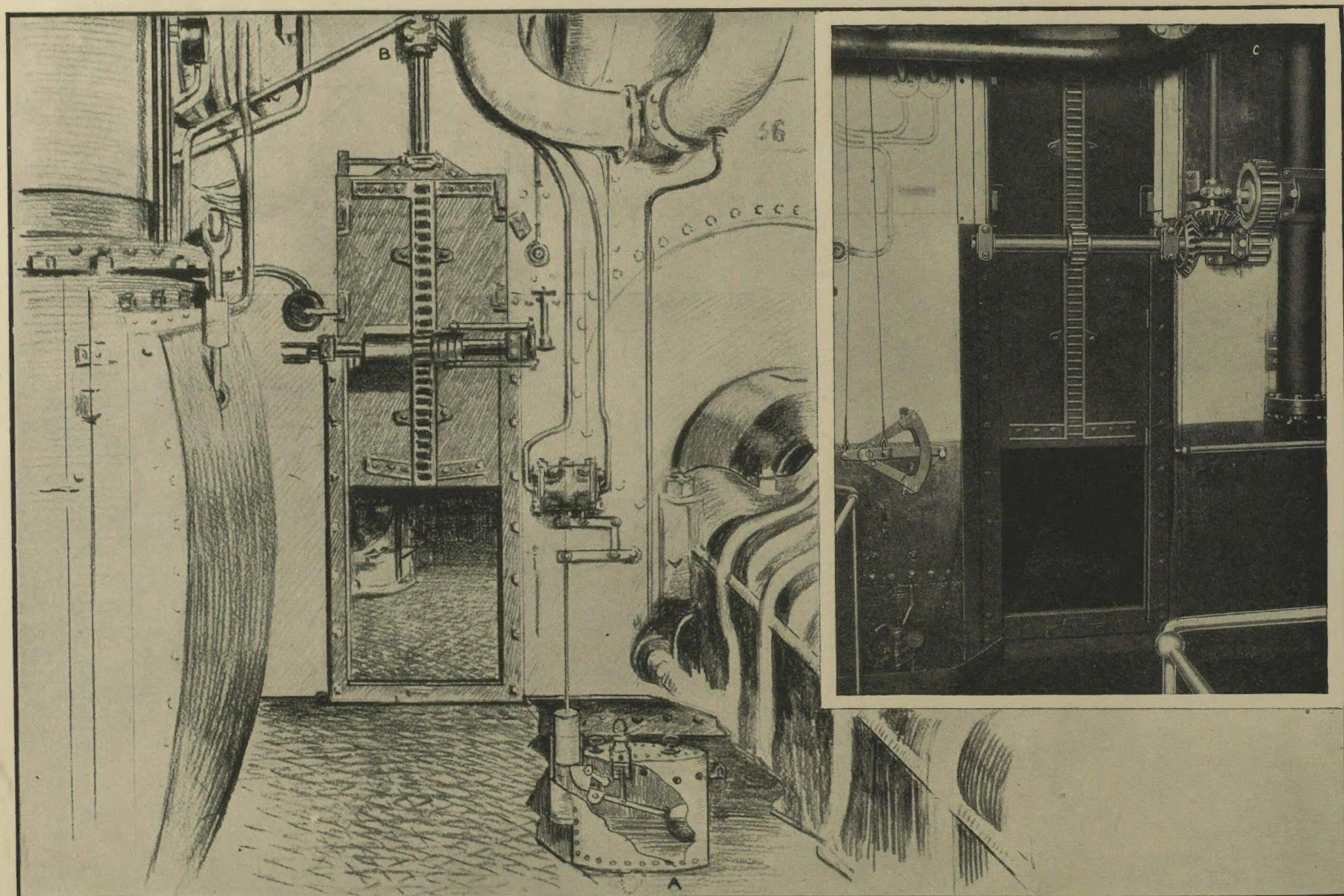


MODEL COACH WITH SWITCH IN STARTING POSITION.

Photos. Hogg.

AN "ALL STATIONS" EXPRESS: MODEL OF A "THROUGH" ELECTRIC TRAIN THAT STOPS AT EVERY STATION.

*This paradoxical feat is accomplished by the simple dropping and picking up of a carriage at every station. The carriage to be picked up is started before the train comes in, so as to avoid a collision. The inventor is Mr. J. Brown, of Dunmurry.*



A. AUTOMATIC BILGE FLOAT-VALVE.

B. THE VERTICAL SLIDING WATER-TIGHT BULKHEAD DOOR OPERATED BY DIRECT DRIVE FROM HYDRAULIC CYLINDER, AS FITTED TO THE "KAISER WILHELM II."

C. THE BULKHEAD DOOR, AS FITTED TO THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

UNSINKABLE SHIPS: THE STONE-LLOYD SYSTEM FOR THE AUTOMATIC CLOSING OF WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS IN CASE OF COLLISION.

DRAWING BY ALLAN STEWART.

*The Stone-Lloyd system permits all the water-tight doors in a ship to be closed in a few seconds either individually or collectively from the captain's bridge or other convenient point. Even should this precaution be neglected, the entrance of water into one or two compartments would automatically close the bulkhead doors in those compartments. Warning bells would be sounded throughout the ship before the closing of the doors. Hitherto, stokers and firemen, through dread of being shut up in a flooded compartment or maimed by the unexpected descent of a door, have propped the doors with wedges, thus rendering them useless. In the Stone-Lloyd system the door descends slowly, and even should a man be shut in, he has simply to touch a lever at the side in order to effect his escape.*



# A LIGHTSHIP ADrift.

By WALTER WOOD.



Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

"WE are what circumstances makes us," said the master of the *Banshee*. "My mother's father was a smuggler, because fortune didn't make him a parson; an' my father's grandfather was a pirate, an' didn't die in his bunk or his bed, nor yet did his funeral cost his family a penny. So far, I've been a hard-workin' toiler on the North Sea, an' yet, what with bad luck an' want of opportunity, I am where I was five year since, an' if things go on as they are I shall be where I am now in five years more. It isn't good enough, an' I'm going to blossom out a bit. I'm goin' to adopt the motto of that young man who went 'ill-climbin' an' singin' 'Excelsior' all the time, though I should ha' kept my wind to get a bit 'igher. That lecture at the Mechanics' Institute last week's put new life into me."

"What lectur' was that?" inquired the mate, to whom the master addressed himself.

"Why, that young Yank, to be sure. The Boy Solomon, they called him—the Idea Expander, as the bills said."

"Was it a free lectur'?" asked the mate. "I think I've heard old Isaac mention it."

"No," said the master. "It was sixpence in front an' twopence at the back; but I'd heard about the lecture, an' it had put such new activity into me that I slipped in when the door-keeper wasn't lookin', an' so improved my mind for nothing. Wasn't it expansion for me to get in without payin'? Why, only a week since I should ha' put down my twopence at the door like a mug, whereas now I'm in pocket to the extent of a free lecture an' a free pint o' beer, so to speak."

"If it stops at that you aren't a fat lot better nor you was," said the mate.

"But it hasn't stopped at that," replied the master, lowering his voice, "not by a lot. You look 'ere, old Joe. I'm developin' my powers in a way that'll surprise you an' a few more."

"Take care you don't develop 'em as far as the police-court," said the mate warningly. "From what I've 'eard that Boy Solomon's in a fair way to do time."

"Dash it!" exclaimed the master; "you're as glum as a owl. The seed o' that lecture, in your case, has fallen on barren ground. Now, in mine, it's like the tropics—it shoots up afore you know where you are. At this very

moment I've got a' expansion of a' idea 'at's goin' to put money into both your pocket an' mine, an' make you able to marry that girl you've set your 'eart on."

"How?" inquired the mate.

"I'm goin' seekin'," said the master. Now to go "seekin'" in the North Sea is to steam away and at large, picking up anything that may be derelict or wanting help.

"We've tried that dodge often enough, an' it's never brought anything except loss o' time an' money," said the mate.

"Ah! But this time I'm goin' seekin' something 'at isn't lost!" rejoined the master. He spoke

mysteriously, and tapped the mate on the chest impressively.

The mate laughed scornfully; then sighed as he turned his head away, for pretty Jennie Jenkins seemed further off than ever.

"Listen," said the master. "This thing 'at I'm goin' to find 'at isn't lost is a lightship."

"It's waste o' breath," said the mate. "What's the good o' goin' seekin' summat 'at isn't lost—an' especially a lightship? If there's one ship more than another 'at you know where to look for, it's a lightship."

"Generally speakin', yes," said the master; "but this partic'lar lightship's goin' to be adrift. You've

got a fixed lightship in your mind; but I 'aven't. My ship's at Windyland, waitin' to be towed down to the Thames. You know her? She's for Trinity 'Ouse."

"I saw her last week," said the mate. "She looks like a tremendous b'iled lobster. Jack Perkins, in the *Champion*, has got the job o' towin' 'er. He's been keepin' back till this mucky weather's done. If it hadn't been for these breezes an' nasty seas of late she'd ha' been past Rockborough already."

"She'll come past Rockborough all right, but she won't get much forrarder, if you fall in with my plan," continued the master. "Are you quite sure you love Jennie Jenkins enough to risk a bit?"

"I am," replied the mate very definitely.

"You'd like to see Jennie Jenkins in a nice little cottage, makin' your tea an' bakin' busters, wouldn't you?" went on the master.

"Don't worry me with pickters like that," protested the mate. "It isn't charity."

"It's where idea-expandin' comes in," said the master. "See—I dror a pickter for you to urge you to 'igher things. Well, then, this lightship's in Windyland River, ready for towin' to the Thames. She's to be brought out o' that river an' set adrift!"

The master stepped back to observe the effect of his words.

"Go on," said the mate.

"Set adrift," repeated the master; "an' when she's loose the *Banshee* 'll pick her up an' bring her into Rockborough—an' then we'll get our just reward. It'll be a case o' salvage."

"An' who's goin' to set her adrift?" asked the mate.



The engineer, who had not troubled to give the message, was also dozing by his machinery.



"You are," the master told him.

"An' this is your way o' furnishin' my cottage, is it? Shall I tell you what I think about it?" The mate's brow had clouded and his tones were unpromising.

"Not yet," said the master hastily; "because I haven't finished. It isn't as 'ard as it looks. What you've to do is to go down to Windyland by train an' get a trip to the Thames by the *Champion*. Say you want to bury a' uncle or something. You know old Jack, the skipper, an' he'll take you, like a bird, provided you grub yourself."

"That part's simple enough; but how am I to get the lightship adrift?"

"Sh! Not so loud," said the master. "This is where your courage an' devotion to Jennie Jenkins comes in. Let's go below, an' I'll explain the rest."

They left the bridge of the *Banshee*, where they had been talking, and entered the little cabin astern.

When the master had explained his plan the mate flatly refused to proceed with it. "If old Jack found it out," he protested, "he'd chuck me overboard; an' if he didn't do that, I should be sent to prison, which 'ud be ten times worse."

"Old Jack'll never tumble to it," said the master. "He's got no more expansion of ideas nor a crab. An' you'll never be found out, either, if you do the trick properly. You just tell me straight 'at you're off the business, an' I'll find somebody else."

"I'll do it," said the mate firmly, "for the sake o' Jennie Jenkins."

"Right ho!" exclaimed the master cheerily. "I thought you'd see in time what I meant when I said I'd go out an' seek summat 'at wasn't lost."

When the mate reached Windyland he found that fortune favoured him. In a casual way he walked down to the *Champion* and went on board. He was ready with his story about a deceased uncle, garnished with the addition that his presence in London was imperative, as the late relative's fortune awaited him. But Jack, the skipper, was in no mood to listen.

"That pig Billy fell off the gangway an hour since," he said to the mate, "an' broke a leg. An' I was just goin' to sea. There was no excuse for it, because I'd got a barril o' beer on board this mornin'. An' yet he must needs go ashore to swill."

Billy was the skipper's second in command, and the mate knew it. "That's funny," he said. "But don't take on. I'm 'avin' a bit of a 'oliday, an' if you like I'll run down to the Thames an' back with you. You're towin' that, aren't you?" He pointed to a red lightship astern.

"Yes," said Jack, "but I'm afraid you wouldn't find the trip very profitable. You see, we can't leave poor Billy in the lurch, an'—"

"Don't worry about wages," interrupted the mate.

"I want to go to London, an' if you'll grub me we'll say no more about it. I've got a' uncle there 'at's left me a bit o' property, an' as I'm going to marry Jennie Jenkins, it'll come in useful. I hate the railway—stuffy thing—besides, the fares 'ud be three pound."

"It's real good o' you," said Jack. "If you'll go I can get out wi' this tide. Everything's ready—there's a lot o' chaps on the lightship, fitters, an' so on, an' there's been so much trouble in collectin' 'em already 'at goodness knows when we should get 'em together again if they got ashore. As for gettin' a mate in Windyland just now, you might as well look for gold in a collection-box."

The *Champion*, with her new mate, got out to sea with the lightship in tow. She was a powerful two-funnelled tug, and Jack, her skipper, was proud of her. Bad weather to the *Champion* was nothing, but with the lightship the case was very different. She pitched and rolled like a colossal cork in a fairly heavy seaway that met the *Champion* as she got clear of the port and began her journey down the North Sea. At times she rushed towards the tug with a velocity which threatened to destroy them both, and at other times she plucked at the stout hawser with a savageness that gave promise of snapping it.

"I don't like the weather a bit," said Jack. "If it didn't make me look like a duffer I'd put back."

"It's no good puttin' back," said the mate. "If you mean to do anything at all you must shove 'ead for Rockborough Bay. In a breeze like this you'd get all the shelter you want."

"I'm not worryin' about the steam-boat—she's all right," said Jack. "It's that dashed eggshell astern. You might as well have a balloon in tow. Just feel at that. Doesn't it make you fancy you'll get the steam-boat's in'ards dragged out?"

"It was a bit of a snap," the mate admitted. "It fair made my 'eart jump into my mouth." So it did, but not for the reason which the skipper supposed.

"Don't you bother about her," said Jack. "She'll ha' to pull a sight 'arder nor that to get away. But, by George! If she did get adrift she'd take some picking up. Catchin' a weasel asleep 'ud be nothing to it. Now you go below an' get some dinner."

"No, I'm not hungry," said the mate firmly. "You go an' leave me to look after things."

The skipper, with feigned reluctance, left the bridge and descended to the cabin, where the cask of beer had been lashed to a locker. By way of solacing his feelings he drew a supply in a quart can, and the engineer helped him to drink it.

"Poor Billy!" sighed the skipper.

"Ah!" said the engineer, shaking his head.

An hour passed and the tin vessel had been many times replenished.

"If a mug comes an' falls into your arms, as you might say, why shouldn't you use 'im?" said the skipper, with a meaning look towards the bridge.

"Why not?" replied the engineer. "It's the way o' the world to make the willin' horse work."

"That Rockborough chap's so fond o' workin' for nothin' that it 'ud be a pity not to put plenty in his way, wouldn't it? For that reason I'm goin' to turn in a bit. When you go on deck tell him I'll relieve him in a few minutes. That'll cheer him up."

The skipper winked as the engineer left the cabin, then stretched himself comfortably on the floor and fell into a hard sleep. The engineer, who had not troubled to give the message, was also dozing by his machinery.

The mate, on the bridge, felt neither thirst nor hunger. The Castle Hill was looming large to the south, a nasty fog was driving up the coast, and the lightship was jumping and rolling in a cross-sea. Coming up from the south was a steamer which the mate recognised as the *Banshee*. "We're both keepin' our appointments to a T," muttered the mate. "Now for it, as soon as it's dark an' I get the chance!"

The *Champion* thrashed south with her charge, and the *Banshee* chunked north with her hopeful master on the bridge. When he had got well past the tug he turned and hung on to the rear of the lightship; and when it was dark he showed no lights.

At last the time had arrived for the mate to act. "Is the skipper never comin' on deck?" he cried to a man who was leaning against the bulwarks smoking. "Go an' rouse him."

The skipper, rubbing his eyes, appeared from below. "Bless me!" he exclaimed. "We're just off Rockborough. An' it's dark, too! But it's as clear as a bell inshore, though it's as thick as mud out there. We shall ha' to stand off a bit or we shall run into the Brig."

He altered the course of the tug, and the two ships stood farther out, to give the coast a wider berth.

"You go below an' get some tea," said the skipper. "You'll find the can near the cask. There's no hurry to come up again—you've had a long spell. Don't spare the barril."

The mate descended from the bridge and went aft. It was now very dark and the deck was wet and deserted. With a trembling hand and quickly beating heart he carried into execution the scheme which the master had unfolded to him. For a moment he hesitated; then the picture of Jennie Jenkins and the cottage rose before him. "I can't get money by fair means," he muttered, "so I must by foul. Besides, there's no risk to life in it. Here goes!"

He looked astern. The lightship was invisible, enveloped in a rolling cloud of mist. No one was watching from the *Champion*. With two or three hacks of his knife at the tow-rope the mate cut through a strand completely, and weakened others. "The snappin' 'll do the rest," he told himself; and guiltily hurried below.

The mate did not eat, and drank only enough of the beer to steady his nerves. He listened hard for the snap of the hawser, which he knew must come. There was a sudden leaping forward of the tug, like some savage beast springing, as a big wave rushed past and lifted her up. Then the cries of startled men—from the lightship as well as the *Champion*. There was the scurry and scuffle of feet overhead, and the bellow of voices in the darkness.

"Lightship ahoy!" roared a couple of men who had rushed astern.

There was a faint answering cry, then stillness.

The mate jumped from the locker, cast himself on the floor, and shammed sleep.

He heard heavy footsteps on the companion-ladder, following a hail of words to which he paid no heed. A great hand seized and shook him, and a loud voice bawled in his ear, "Rouse up there! Rouse up! Are you dead?"

"What's the matter?" he asked, sitting up, yawning, and rubbing his eyes.

"Matter enough! The lightship's adrift!"

"What? A collision?" shouted the mate, in well-feigned astonishment. "Look out!" He sprang towards the steps.

"No!" vociferated the man. "The rope's parted, an' the lightship's adrift!"

"Then let's get hold of her!" rejoined the mate energetically.

"That's just what I've come for you to help to do; but she's swallered in the fog. Come on."

They rushed on deck together, and the mate roared with all the strength of his lungs, "Lightship ahoy!"

"Don't make that row!" shouted the skipper from the bridge. "Listen for their 'ollerin'. Then we'll try and pick 'em up."

By this time the *Champion's* engines had been stopped, and she was pitching and rolling sullenly. The skipper, the mate, and everybody else listened intently, but there was no sound to indicate the lightship's whereabouts.

"This comes o' carryin' rotten stores," said the engineer. "Serves the boss right—him squattin' in his brick villa at Windyland an' leavin' us expectin' the injuns to fall out o' the bottom into the sea. That rope snapped like a sugar-stick."

"Come up here," said the skipper to the mate. "Let's have a talk. We're just off Rockborough, an' you know the set o' the tides an' wind like my babby knows its bottle. What's to be done?"

The mate climbed up to the bridge. "Let me take the wheel," he said. "It's more a matter of instinct nor anything else; I can feel it better nor I can describe it. The tide's ebbin' an' the wind's pretty well with it. You can't be far wrong if you go nor-east; keep her easy—say six knots. The lightship can't be goin' more nor five, so we're bound to pick her up in time if we're goin' straight for her."

"It's a poor chance," growled the master; "but I'll do it. If this fog hadn't smothered her, I could ha' picked her up in a jiffy."

Meanwhile the *Banshee* had been hugging the wake of the lightship, following her more by sound than sight, for the noise of the *Champion's* paddles and engines was borne towards the master by the wind.

The lightship's people, alarmed at their helpless position, for they were on board a mere hull, with no steam and very little sail to help them, shouted continuously, in the hope of the tug bearing down upon and picking them up. But the *Champion* had completely lost touch, and the mate's instinct having proved unreliable, she was now steaming north-east, with dismal blasts of her whistle, while the lightship was drifting and being blown due north.

For half an hour the master of the *Banshee* hung ghost-like on to the helpless ship. Then he determined that the time had come for him to put the finish to the mate's performance. He eased his engines to dead slow, and guided by the shouts which were still coming from the lightship, he made a straight swoop for her. He was in noble fighting trim, for luck had favoured him beyond his wildest dreams.

Suddenly through the driving fog, the master saw the helpless, leaping, red bulk. He gave a growl of joy. "Back port—'ead starb'd!" he cried to the engineer, and whirled the wheel round. The *Banshee* obeyed her helm promptly, and the master roared: "Lightship ahoy! Are you wantin' help?"

"What steam-boat's that?" a voice demanded in reply.

"Never mind what she is," the master heard another voice say gruffly, "Come on, an' take us off. This lightship's adrift."

"How much am I to get?" said the master. He had swung the squat *Banshee* alongside the lumbering craft, and was steaming slowly by her as she was driven out to sea.

"Settle that with the boss," replied the voice—the voice of someone in authority.

"You're as safe as if you was in a life-boat," the master assured them in rather scornful tones.

"You catch hold of us and take us into Rockborough," the speaker ordered.

"All right! It's a tow!" exclaimed the master. "Let's have your line. Now, my lads, smart's the word!"

A line was hurled from the lightship, and with it they hauled the *Banshee's* rope and made it secure. "All fast!" shouted the lightship's people.

"Full speed ahead!" cried the master joyously, and the engineer let the machinery clank and rattle like a foundry. But the *Banshee* could go occasionally, and she went now so well that she was off the harbour in two hours, waiting, in clear weather, for the flashing of the lighthouse lantern to indicate high water.

The *Champion* was not visible. She was groping about in the fog-ten miles away, her people calling for the lightship and listening for the answers which did not come.

The mate was concerned, and felt it needful to support the imposture about his uncle. "I shall ha' to be put ashore," he said, "or I shall never be in time for my poor uncle's—"

"Hang your uncle!" exclaimed Jack. "What's a' uncle or two to a wanderin' lightship?"

When the *Banshee* and her prey were safe in the harbour the shipbuilder was telegraphed for. He came—in depression of spirits, for he insured his own vessels, and feared that the cost of salvage would fall heavily upon him. But he was also a keen man of business, and when he met the master his first and natural wish was to settle with him on the spot, at the lowest price.

"Now," he said briskly, "I've had a look at the lightship, and she's all right. I want no law over this affair."

"No more do I," said the master readily.

"You picked her up and brought her in. Come, how much shall we say?"

"I leave it to you," replied the master.

"Shall we say fifty pounds?" continued the shipbuilder boldly.

The master looked at him with such an aggrieved expression that the shipbuilder, who was not easily abashed, turned his head away. "What do you think a judge an' jury 'ud say to fifty, rememberin' the risk we've run and the coal we've burnt, an' the number of our crew, an' the claim of the owner, an' 'arbour dues, an'—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the shipbuilder, who knew very well what his Lordship's observations on such a point would be. "Call it seventy-five and you shall have the towing job to London."

"Do you want me to rob the skipper of the *Champion* an' his crew?" asked the master severely. "I couldn't think o' towin'. No, no; poor chap, he wouldn't get a penny in that case—an' I'm not goin' to fleece a feller-skipper. I've still got a conscience."

Again the shipbuilder turned away his head. He muttered something about consciences which was not complimentary. "Well, then," he added desperately, "say a round hundred. Come now, I've got to pay it out of my own pocket. I've got no rich insurance company to go at. I wish I could make a hundred pounds in a few hours' work."

"Ah! but think of the thousands you've been saved," said the master. "Think o' that lightship not bein' picked up, an' driftin' till she turned turtle on the Dogger."

"Then it's a deal?" said the shipowner. He produced banknotes. His tones were gloomy, but his heart was glad; for looking at the matter from every standpoint he thought he would escape easily if he could get the master to accept £100 in settlement of all claims.

The master also was satisfied; but the expansion of his ideas compelled him to conceal his pleasure. "Make it a 'undred and ten," he said. "There's my mate, who's had a lot to do wi' this lightship, goin' to marry a pretty girl, an' I'd like him to get a' extra ten pound to furnish his 'ome with."

"Very well," said the shipbuilder. "Come and help me to drink a bottle of champagne."

They walked together to a convenient inn, where the master, distrusting champagne as a revealer of secrets, said that if it was all the same to the shipbuilder he would have beer, and take the difference out in cigars.

When their little business had been settled, and the master rose to leave, the shipbuilder gripped him by the hand. He was well pleased with his bargain, himself, and everybody and everything else, and said: "You're what I call a good, honest, square, straight-dealing man."

"Don't dwell on it," replied the master. "As I said to my mate the other day—we are what circumstances makes us."

THE END.



A CURIOUS SERVIAN CUSTOM: A FORM OF FAITH-HEALING.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, NOV. 7, 1903.—687

SICK PERSONS BROUGHT FOR MIRACULOUS HEALING TO THE HOLY WOOD NEAR BELGRADE.

*Near Belgrade is a wood with large trees, called "The Holy Forest," which the people believe to possess miraculous powers of cure. From the whole country the peasants bring their sick relations on biers and stretchers, and lay them down under the trees. There the friends of the sick keep watch, and, with burning candles in their hands, pray incessantly for the invalids' recovery. To the trees are fastened holy pictures. At night the effect of the many points of light glinting through the wood is extremely picturesque.*



## NEW NOVELS.

*Katherine Frensham.* By Beatrice Harraden. (Edinburgh: Blackwood. 6s.)  
*Romance: A Novel.* By Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)  
*Adventures of Gerard.* By A. Conan Doyle. (London: Newnes. 6s.)  
*The Yellow Van.* By Richard Whiteing. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)  
*The Story of Susan.* By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. With illustrations by Paul Hardy. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)  
*Gran'ma's Jane.* By Mary E. Mann. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

There are two distinct aims in "Katherine Frensham," the book with which Miss Beatrice Harraden has broken a silence that, in a time of feverish production, may be recommended to the notice of other scribes. Infinite pains are visible in the nicety of finish bestowed upon every character; but there is something of craftsmanship lacking in the piecing together of the composition. The story is, of course, the primary object, and it carries with it a careful study of certain psychological experiences in the life of a hypersensitive man; whilst it ends, as a story should, in a conventional happiness. The secondary aim, which is, in our opinion, more successfully achieved, is to give to the world Miss Harraden's appreciation of the austere charm of Norway. The principal characters have to be transported thither from England, and brought together there in defiance of probabilities, before we are able to see the writer in her happiest mood. Katherine Frensham, a woman of sympathetic and vivid personality, becomes a summer visitor at the Solli Gaard; so does Clifford Thornton, the melancholy widower whom she subsequently marries, and with him his only son and a cheerful old Danish lady, who, by virtue of long friendship, takes upon herself the part of matchmaker. There are many other people, Swedish, German, Italian—Miss Harraden has dipped freely into the European hotch-potch—to fill odd corners in the book; and the life at the Gaard is excellently well done and is full of humorous touches. And finally, surrounding little humanity and its concerns, we are made to feel the presence of sombre trees climbing above glacier-fed rivers, and the stately progress of Nature upon the hills, and all the dignity of a remote and enduring existence. We cannot help feeling that Thornton's mental miseries are too fine-drawn to follow with much sympathy. We appreciate the elaboration of his case; but it becomes tedious, and the estrangement between him and his son is not particularly convincing. The Norwegian country folk at their quaintly festive funeral feast are pleasanter company than the remorseful professor.

The authors of "The Inheritors" (the theme of which was too subtle, or perhaps not sufficiently driven home, to be popularly appreciated) have collaborated on another work, to which, not inappropriately, they have given the bold and fascinating title "Romance." This time it is a story of adventure, and a remarkable performance it is. Nothing exactly like it, in quality, has been achieved for many a long day in this country, and indeed it stands, and probably will stand, as a thing by itself in our literature. In the matter of sensation merely, it puts into the shade works that have made a dozen reputations. One can imagine the writers saying to themselves: "If it is exciting incidents that readers want, exciting incidents they shall have"; and forthwith heaping them up in this book in fullest measure out of the wonderful stores of their imagination and experience. A really brilliant phantasmagoria is the result. But the sensation, breathless and extraordinary in its copiousness as it is, while without doubt it will commend the book to a very wide circle of readers, is far from being the most notable thing about "Romance." We have here all the qualities which (his collaborator will not grudge our saying) we have come to expect in any work which has Mr. Conrad's name upon the title-page. It has intensity, colour, vividness, movement; accompanied, as is less often the case with stories of its kind, by the most subtle characterisation and by "idea." And, of course, the actual writing and the finish in the workmanship would alone mark it off as a notable book. The changing scenes in which the story plays give the writers abundant opportunity, which they are not slow to avail themselves of, for their great gifts in description. Among so many situations of an arresting kind it is impossible to single out any for particular notice. We can only commend "Romance" to our readers as a story that will certainly enthrall them, and, in proportion as they appreciate the manner in which a story is told, excite their admiration.

Brigadier Gerard was an excellent invention, and his further adventures are good reading. The Napoleonic wars afford such vast material that there seems to be really no reason why these episodes should ever cease. But if Sir Conan Doyle chooses to continue them (and he might do far worse), we hope that he will take one or two small matters into consideration, matters that it would not be worth while to urge upon a mere writer of sensational magazine fiction, but which it is a duty to put before an author who has attained the dignity of a collected edition. He has evidently read several authentic memoirs of French soldiers, but his new book hardly bears out the impression of erudition given by its preface. Our author, for instance, seems to believe that the Russian language is written in Roman letters, that pheasants were driven over the guns in the present style a century ago, that when criticising the points of a horse one speaks of its "haunches," and that "Lady Dacre" and "Lady Jane Dacre" are convertible terms. The last solecism, inexcusable in a knight, is the more outrageous because Sir Conan Doyle makes cheap fun out of his French hero's mistakes over English titles. The average Frenchman is no worse in these matters than the average English novelist. A deeper defect is the clumsy way in which the Brigadier's little vanities are expressed. It is in keeping with his character to talk of his own exploits in a vein alien to the English taste;

but our gallant Brigadier (really a good fellow and fine soldier) would not have boasted in a style that suggests an inferior actor holding forth at his favourite bar. And our Brigadier would probably have called Pitt "perfidious"; but "the perfidious victories of Nelson" are not in the picture. Really Sir Conan Doyle should try to remember that he is not writing exclusively for the lower middle classes. A novelist who can enter so far into the spirit of Napoleon's soldiers as some of these sketches prove, ought to present a French officer as he really was, and not as the pit at a suburban theatre would expect to find him. The preface shows that Sir Conan is sinning against the light, and that in this matter it is not knowledge that is lacking. We do not, in saying this, refer to the Brigadier's fox-hunting and boxing, which are excellent and quite legitimate farce.

Mr. Whiteing has fallen between two stools. His new book is a pamphlet disguised as a novel, and it is a poor novel and a bad pamphlet. Our system of land tenure is the object of Mr. Whiteing's attack. The yellow van is a sort of rostrum for itinerant lecturers against feudalism. We have a specimen of the oratory which is addressed to timid villagers. It is not particularly interesting, and the orator, who travels in the van with his wife and a baby, is a mere transient phantom. One of the villagers catches the inspiration, and this is the beginning of trouble. He takes too active a part in a parish council election to please the agent of a ducal estate, and is turned out of his cottage with his young wife. They try their fortune in London and sink. But it is so clear that Mr. Whiteing feels no interest in them and their adventures that the reader falls promptly into the same apathy. There is an American Duchess, who would like to set everything right, and she has a brother who delivers brief lectures in private on the decadence of England. What we need, he says, is government on "business principles," which mean "honour, honesty, justice from man to man." Is that what they mean for the American Trusts, which are governing America on "business principles"? Do we find our ideals of honesty and justice in such institutions? When he forgets his pamphlet and tries story-telling, Mr. Whiteing gives us the impression that he is rather bored by the whole affair. His Duke marries an American "school-marm"; and her brother, who is going to be a "captain of industry," marries the daughter of a Baronet, and we do not care a button about any of them. Mr. Whiteing is too expert a writer to be actually prosy; but his book is sadly lacking in vitality.

The hardened critic, no less than the average novel-reader, has long owed a great debt of gratitude to Mrs. Henry Dudeney, and the day will surely come when much of her work will take far higher rank in the history of modern fiction than is likely to do that of her more lauded contemporaries. She has placed the scene of her moving drama in that period of the world's history so near and yet so far from our own—that is, the dawn of the Victorian era; for "The Story of Susan" opens on June 28, 1839, and ends in the March of 1848. The whole action takes place in a little country town, Liddlehorn, and the writer deals with tender, subtle humour with the idiosyncrasies of its simple-minded inhabitants: their easy joys, their intense sorrows, and their strong local interests. Never was a more terrible picture drawn of a certain side of Methodism. In these days, when every novelist seeks to describe solely the emotions of the highly born (if not always of the highly bred), it is refreshing to come across a study of human life of which the hero, and a very fine hero too, is a silversmith in a Sussex market town, and the heroine the waiting-woman of a Baronet's widow. Though the whole attention is, as it were, focussed on this couple, there are many admirable side-studies in character, none better than that of the learned spinster, Miss Phoebe Scadding, whose little shop supplied the ladies of the town with material for fancy-work and with the delights of a lending library. Mrs. Gaskell would not have been ashamed of including this quaint, slightly absurd, and yet dignified little figure among her Cranford worthies. Quite as excellent is the picture drawn, with sure, ruthless touches, of Fanny Barwell, the hysterical, restless young woman of fashion, who plays her part, as that type of womanhood so often plays it, in bringing about the love tragedy which is the main theme of the book. It may, however, be added that poor Susan's simple story ends well, a truer, deeper note being struck in the last pages than that of the conventional wedding-bells.

"Gran'ma's Jane" is a story of Norwich in the bad old days when a hanging was still looked upon as a public festival. In the main, it is a story of the people, and Mrs. Mann handles her subject in no uncertain fashion. With a sure hand she touches the foibles and vanities of the pretty old Gran'ma, the coarseness of the undesirable Totty, and the ill-rewarded devotion of old John Wylde. Little Jane, whose dead girl-mother was of gentle birth, is the brightness of an otherwise sombre tale—sombre, that is, as to results; for Mrs. Mann gives admirable expression to the freakishly comic element which is present in many a moment of tragedy, and which is even more to her credit—to the note of tragedy in an otherwise comic scene, as when Totty, received in state by her reluctant mother-in-law, slights the dainties provided, and refuses Aunt Betsy's renowned seed-cake, declaring that it tastes of mutton fat. "The only time my sister Betsy fainted in her life was at the smell of mutton dripping!" cries the not too veracious Mrs. Wylde; but in spite of this handsome tribute the outraged Betsy threatens to leave the house in wrath. Totty goes instead, turning at the door for a parting shot, "I shall think of you for the future when I smell mutton fat." Aunt Betsy, we may add, with her curt speech, sound sense, and soft heart, is by no means an insignificant character in the story.

## MR. HENRY JAMES AS BIOGRAPHER.

The ultra-analytic and evasive method of Mr. Henry James, as displayed in his novels, where he is so shy of coming to the point, does not at first sight seem to lend itself to the purposes of biography; but Mr. James is always other than we expect, and his life of William Wetmore Story, which has just issued from the house of Blackwood, yields the pleasantest of surprises. The delicacy and subtlety of the author's style are here no whit diminished, but there is hardly an obscurity, no dodging about the bush. He is simple, direct, even limpid, and therewith he communicates in all their rarity his finest intangibilities of thought and feeling. To the life of the American sculptor, who became so whole-heartedly the adopted son of Rome, the biographer comes as to a little world of shadows peopled with ghosts, after whom he stretches hands that are not vain. For his going is so reverent, his touch and sympathies are so fine, that even when he fears most that the images he seeks have eluded him, they have yielded themselves to his will, and consent to take bodily form once more. Across the pages flit figures with great names, who lived in great times—Lowell, Charles Sumner, Daniel Webster, Thackeray, Dickens, Longfellow, Lytton, and, most appropriate to those early days of Italian liberty, whose birth-throes the Storys witnessed with tremblings for its life, comes the record of close friendship with the Brownings. There are precious glimpses, too, of Rome in the pre-Garibaldian time, as Story and his wife saw it before the direct links with antiquity were snapped, while the city still showed "a face inexpressibly romantic." On this Mr. James is reminiscent. He can remember, he says, "but the last winter before the deluge," when, as "if foreknowing the great assault to be suffered, the great change to be wrought, the sorceress of the Seven Hills gathered herself up for her last appearance, her last performance, in her far-spreading, far-shining mantle." Of all this the Storys saw the passing, for they were in Rome throughout the siege of 1849.

The personality of Story was infinitely far removed from the commonplace. Born in New England of that enlightened Puritanism which slammed no doors on intellect and never mistook unloveliness for piety, William Wetmore, son of the excellent Judge Story, had the upbringing of an American youth of position. The family friends were worth knowing, the environment stimulating. Harvard succeeded school in due course, and there there was a period of idleness, checked, fortunately, by a most paternal letter from Charles Sumner, who, though only in his twenties, writes, says Mr. James, with an allocution already almost senatorial. The monitions of a man very little his senior in academic standing Story took in good part, and he became laborious, entered the law, evidently with no grudge, although he was bard to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and intensely artistic in his leanings. He was ardent in his profession, writing enthusiastically of cases to his judicial parent, and before he was thirty he had produced legal treatises that found immediate acceptance as authorities.

But the claims of Art were too strong. Such was his reputation as an amateur sculptor that, when a public monument was decreed to Judge Story, the son was asked to execute it. He was at first surprised and diffident, but at last consented on condition, as he himself says in an autobiographical note, that he "should first come abroad and see what had been done in these ways." In 1847, therefore, he went to Italy, and travelled over the Continent. On his return his design was accepted, and although he returned dutifully to the forum, the call of the studio was too clear and forcible to be mistaken or resisted. "I was haunted by dreams of Art and Italy, and every night I fancied I was in Rome and at work in my studio . . . my heart had gone over from the law to art." To Rome he returned, abandoning, amid much opposition, his first profession, in which he would certainly have become pre-eminent among American jurists. But he was to justify his second choice to the full.

With his pen Story had almost as fine a felicity as with his chisel, and although his literary efforts remain the minor part of his artistic production, their illuminating touches, particularly in his letters, make us rejoice in their preservation. His poetry is less worthy of consideration, and the only justification for the inclusion of any examples is that they afford an index to the limitations which hedged about a very versatile talent. But in light strokes of epistolary prose Story was happy, and his concise description is very often exceedingly neat and telling. Of a foolish but well-meaning eulogist of his father he said, "His style is that of a drunken Dr. Johnson"; and to pass from the fortuitous to the studied, there is his beautiful vision of the shade of Marcus Aurelius in "Excursions in Art and Letters," and the many exquisite Italian pictures in "Roba di Roma."

Most valuable of all, though it may seem heresy to say so, are the intimate glimpses of Story's friends. A very large part of the second volume is occupied with Browning's letters to the sculptor, and these, revealing as they do both writer and recipient, have given Mr. James a tempting pretext, happily not resisted, of setting down some criticism of the poet, which springs in the wilderness of Browning "appreciation" as welcome as was the flower to Mungo Park. The biographer's theory of dual personality, which he believes to have been achieved by Browning, and his lucid prefiguring of the Italian period as a sanctuary built out from the spacious edifice of R. B.'s life as man of the world, is explanatory of much. The book affords, indeed, many keys to individualities of that remarkable circle in which the Storys moved, and, needless to say, Mr. Henry James's sure and sympathetic insight has raised their presentment far above the level of mere gossiping *personalia*.



A RELIC OF ANTIQUITY IN THE ALPS: THE MOURNING WOMEN.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLEGRINI.



PROFESSIONAL MOURNERS AT THE GATES OF A CEMETERY IN THE VALLEY OF SONDRIO.

*In ancient times, funerals used to be followed by professional mourners, who simulated the appearance of the wildest grief. The custom survives in the valley of Sondrio in the Alps. There the women do not follow the funeral, but they group themselves at the entrance of the cemetery, and burn, in honour of the dead, candles which vary in size according to the remuneration. They are as prodigal as were the mourners of ancient times (and indeed of the present day in Ireland and the East) in their simulation of excessive grief.*



## A SCHOOL OF ACTING: THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS AT THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

DURING the last few days the doors of the Paris Conservatoire, in the Rue Poissonnière, have been besieged by an eager crowd of young men and women, the candidates for admission to the institution. This year the aspirants numbered 131 youths and 130 girls. Each competitor professes three pieces, and the first hearing weeds out all the impossibles. About thirty of each sex remain for a further trial. The recitations are heard, not in the theatre, but in the public hall on the first floor. It is a melancholy-looking chamber. The light is feeble and uncertain, and at a horseshoe table, covered with a dreary-coloured cloth, sit the jury. They seldom permit a candidate to go through an entire scene; but generally express their thanks at the end of a few minutes and dismiss the victim, who retires, having gathered nothing as to the impression he or she has produced. Competitors return to the waiting-room. There the scene is of curious excitement. Some of the girls have recourse to smelling-salts, others weep in the arms of their



A LAST RECITAL BEFORE FACING THE JURY.

mothers, and some who have yet to be called in are rehearsing their pieces yet once more. On the days of the entrance examinations M. Moreau, the dramatist, who acts as apparitor, plays a great part. He permits anxious mothers to stand behind the scene, there to listen to their children's recitations. He it is who gives the *entrée* to old pupils, to the members and pensioners of the Comédie Française, and to the journalists. When all the competitors have been heard, the jury deliberate and discuss for about an hour. The expectant crowd meanwhile walks about in the court of the Conservatoire. Darkness falls. The *conciergerie* places in position the wooden barrier which is to protect the retiring jurymen from the fury of disappointed candidates and their mothers. At length at a first-floor window appears Moreau, holding the list in his hand. By the light of a feeble lamp he proceeds in a firm and unimpassioned voice to read the names of the accepted few. The crowd applauds popular elections. Cries of joy and lamentation are



CANDIDATES IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

commingled. After the declaration the list of successful competitors is posted outside the building, and the scene in the street is curiously dramatic. Those who have succeeded rush into the arms of their friends, while the disappointed candidates oftener than not retire in tears. They clutch at the vainest consolations. Perhaps Moreau has forgotten to read one name. But Moreau is infallible, and with that the last hope of the rejected vanishes. Out of the 261 candidates who presented themselves this year, only twenty-three were accepted. This academic form of preparation for the career of the stage is in sharp contrast to our method in England, where the provincial tour, the great school for young talent, has produced worthy rivals of the Conservatoire.

BEFORE THE TEST: CANDIDATES WAITING THEIR TURN TO GO BEFORE THE JURY.



AFTER THE TEST: THE DECLARATION OF THE RESULT.





GROUSE IN SNOW.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.





BUSINESS WITH A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY JOHN A. LOMAX.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT "HIGH TEAS."

My prediction made a few weeks ago has proved to be a true one. I forecasted that the dramatist might, in due season, enter into competition with the sanitarian and physician in respect of his inclusion of topics relating to our physical welfare in his list of themes. I alluded to Mr. Barrie's plea for a simpler life in his latest play. He has followed the lines of the author who wrote the "Fads of an Old Physician." Now we find Mr. Pinero advocating "high tea" as an advisable meal, for a reason not strictly of scientific kind, but connected with certain aspects of playgoing. The subject of "high" tea is one, it may be mentioned, that has received a considerable amount of attention at the hands of physicians. The nature of their criticisms will be presently set forth; meanwhile, it is Mr. Pinero's contention that the luxury of late dining prevents the diner from enjoying the play.

He would, therefore, have us dine at an earlier hour, so that the theatrical manager could ring up proportionately sooner than he is able to do to-day. In answer to the objection that many people could not—as others will not—dine comfortably before the usual classic hour, our dramatist is ready with his "high tea" suggestion. In effect he says, Don't eat so much. Dinner is not a necessity. Try a high tea—what in Scotland is called a "towsy tea"—and after this relatively simple meal you will be able to hie to the theatre in good time; you will also get home all the sooner, and the dramatist will possess a better chance of contributing to your edification and amusement. Managers might, however, begin their plays at, say, seven o'clock, and experimentally test the question whether people who are anxious to see their pieces will arrive in good time for the performance. There is no argument half so valuable as that derived from experience, only it may be commended to the notice of our author that there are two considerations he might take into account before further recommendations are forthcoming.

First of all, physiologically regarded, I should think it is not at all a bad thing for the dramatist that his patrons should dine before they visit the theatre. There is wisdom in the view that if you desire to obtain a favour from your friend, you should beseech him after dinner, not before. He is more likely to feel at peace with all mankind when he has satisfied his inner man than when he was a hungry mortal. The man who has been fed will be far more likely to prove a lenient critic than he who has not dined at all. I might adduce the fact that pit and gallery, who are early diners as a rule, are the critics whose verdict the dramatist has most reason to fear—at least, I deduce so much from reports of "alarums and excursions" at first-night affairs. There may exist a subtle but perfectly comprehensible relationship between an empty stomach and a critical state of brain; and so I argue the dramatist might do many a more unwise thing than support the late dinner as an institution of value to him.

The second consideration, probably unknown to Mr. Pinero, is that "high tea" is condemned by medical men as a decidedly noxious meal. It is a hybrid refection, mingling the elements of both meals, and, like most hybrids, exhibiting the vices of both parents and the virtues of neither. You find the table loaded with meat and fish and other comestibles, which you are expected to wash down with cups of tea. The combination here is very unphysiological, and there is no lack of proof for this assertion. Long ago, in a medical journal, Dr. Fraser showed clearly, as the result of definite experimentation, that the action of tea and coffee on solid foods was that of delaying the digestive work to an extent which was injurious. Cases of dyspepsia are common in those who indulge in "high teas." Dr. Fraser found, curiously enough, that salt foods were not affected to the same extent as ordinary meat, while fish was also less affected by tea or coffee than beef or mutton.

So far Dr. Fraser. The late Sir W. Roberts, M.D., in his work on "Digestion and Diet," entered upon a much wider series of researches. He investigated the action of all kinds of fluid addenda to our meals. He found tea and coffee to retard the digestion of food both in the mouth (where the preliminary changes are effected) and in the stomach. A good many other fluids inhibit digestion to a greater or less degree, wines among them; but I fancy the palm will be awarded, in this respect, to the contents of the tea-pot and coffee-pot. The effect of the tannin in badly made tea is very powerful in arresting digestive work; but even if tea be well made, its action is still inhibitory. If we desire easy digestion, therefore, we must be careful what we combine with tea in the way of diet. Breakfast, as a lighter meal, apparently does no harm; it is the heavier combination of the "high tea" which falls under the doctor's ban.

Then as to the postprandial coffee, we might adduce an argument against that addendum to dinner from the considerations which apply to the case of "high tea." It has been suggested that coffee represents a sobering medium calculated to counteract the effects of dinner-potations. This may be so, but Sir W. Roberts found another reason for the practice. He contended that perfection of cookery so tended to hurry on the process of digestion that our food is not given time enough in order that its nutritive principles may be duly extracted for the nourishment of our frames. If coffee slows the process, or if other fluids effect a like result, we may be supposed to gain through digestion being slowed down somewhat. But even if this view be taken of the action of coffee, the "high tea" stands condemned simply because it is indigestible all through. Before our dramatists enter upon the field of practical dietetics, it may be advisable for them to patronise a popular course of lectures on physiology. Their utterances would then be more likely to carry weight.—ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor F. HEALY (Tufnell Park).—We trust to publish another at no distant date. Your new contribution is one of the right sort, and, we think, quite sound. A. S. PETER (Birmingham).—The reason for its non-inclusion must be pretty obvious. Youth will be served in chess as in other things. J. DALLIN PAUL.—Problem to hand, with thanks. R. T. (Edinburgh).—The work is scarce, but we do not know the market value. You might consult a good bookseller. W. WALTERS (Cardiff).—It is the easiest thing in the world to make such a mistake.

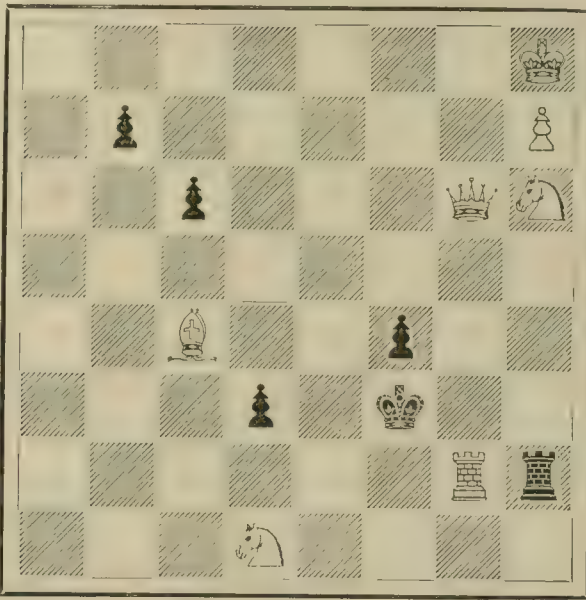
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3093 and 3094 received from Henry Pettrival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of No. 3101 from C. Field Junior (Athal, Mass.); of No. 3102 from Dr. Foreman (Denton) and G. C. B.; of No. 3103 from J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Oswald E. Dorey (Jersey), Philip Daly, R. G. Walker, and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3104 received from Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), H. S. Brandreth (Nice), T. Roberts, Edward M. Fyson (Higham), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), R. Johnson (Southampton), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Comptoir d'Escompte (Marseilles), L. Desanges, Reginald Gordon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. C. B., G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Joseph Cook, Edith Corser (Reigate), W. Walters (Cardiff), Alpha, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), F. J. S. (Hampstead), R. Worters (Canterbury), O. Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), F. Henderson (Leeds), Martin F., Laura Greaves (Shelton), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), F. Ede (Canterbury), Walter H. Arnold (Gloucester), J. W. (Campsie), Shadforth, W. R. Hitchings (Clifton), and Hereward.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3103.—By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. P to B 4th (ch) K moves  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3106.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in the National Tournament in Kiev between  
Messrs. TCHIGORIN and BERNSTEIN.  
(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	From this point White deteriorates in a curious fashion. He had adopted a policy of exchanging pieces to maintain his advantage, and therefore Kt takes P was the consistent move. It was in any case the best at his command.	
2. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
3. P takes P	Kt takes P		
4. K Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 4th		
5. P to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt (ch)	19. Q to K 6th	Q R to K sq
		20. Q to K 6th	B to R 6th
		21. Q to B 7th	

P to Q 4th is here the regular continuation. The test move, as indeed the whole line pursued by the defence, is favourable to the first player.

6. Q takes Kt	Q to Kt 4th		
7. B to K 2nd	Q takes K P		
8. Castles	Q to K 2nd		
9. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd		
10. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th		
11. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd		
12. B to R 5th (ch)	K to Q sq		
13. R to K sq			

White has now secured a splendid attack, which ought to lead to speedy victory.

14. R takes Q	P takes B		
15. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd		
16. B to Kt 4th	B takes B		

Although virtually a piece behind, there now follows on the part of Black a very spirited and skillful exhibition of scientific defence.

17. Q takes B	Kt to Q 2nd		
18. Kt to B 3rd	K to B 2nd		
19. R to K sq			

Another game in the Tournament, played between Messrs.  
RABINOWITZ and SCHIFFERS.  
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. R to K sq	Kt takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	17. K takes Kt	Q R takes Kt
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	18. B to K 3rd	Kt takes P
4. B to R 4th	K Kt to K 2nd		
5. P to B 3rd			

This is strongly recommended by Steinitz, with whom Black's fourth move was a favourite defence. He finally abandoned it as unsatisfactory, owing to the loss of time in freeing the K R.

6. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
7. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd		
8. P takes P	B to K 2nd		
9. B to Q 5th	R to Kt 2nd		
10. P to K R 4th	R to Kt sq		
11. Kt to Kt 5th	Q Kt takes P		
12. Q to R 5th	P to R 3rd		
13. Kt takes P			

Scarcely sound, but leading to a very fine game. Want of space prevents us from following the different variations offered by this move; but the reply of Black is the most brilliant and, as the result proves, the best.

14. Kt takes Q	B takes B		
15. K to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 6th (ch)		
	B takes K P		

The persistence of the attack and the helplessness of White against the adverse combination of minor pieces deserve special attention.

19. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt takes P (ch)		
20. K to K 2nd	B to Q B 3rd		
21. B takes P			

Playing for a draw; but R to Kt sq was certainly better.

22. B to K 3rd	Q R to K sq		
23. K to Q 3rd	B to R 5th		
24. K to B 2nd	R to K 3rd		
25. B takes B	B takes P		
26. R to K sq	R takes B		
27. K to B sq	Kt to K 6th (ch)		
28. Q takes B	B takes R		
29. Q to R 5th	R to Q 3rd		

Frustrating White's last hope of perpetual check, and crowning with victory a splendidly fought game.

30. Q to R 3rd	R to B 8th (ch)		
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White resigns.

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## KINGS AND THE INNS OF COURT.

The King has dined with his Benchers of the Middle Temple, and by so doing has removed from their famous Hall the reproach that it has never in its long life entertained the Sovereign. Tradition says that Queen Elizabeth witnessed a performance of Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" there; but this is at least unlikely, for in those far-off days there was a bitter rivalry between the Middle and Inner Temples, and Queen Elizabeth's sympathies were with the latter. The Queen is said to have danced at one of the Temple revels with Sir Christopher Hatton; other writers saying she did no more than admire his agility. The poet Gray wrote of Sir Christopher—

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,  
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen.  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

The Palace and gardens of the Bishops of Ely were leased in part to Sir Christopher Hatton, and stood where Hatton Garden stands to-day.

King Edward is among the Senior Benchers of the Middle Temple, the Prince of Wales is Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, and other members of the royal family have shown their interest in the Inns of Court.

King Charles II. was entertained in the old Hall of the Inner Temple by Sir Heneage Finch, and sat with his brother the Duke of York under a canopy of state at a table raised above the others at the end of the Hall. Again, the King and his brother went to the Inner Temple to attend the festivities on Candlemas Day. Middle Temple Hall had its Master of the Revels for the feasts of Christmas, Hallowe'en, Candlemas, and Ascension; and the Lord Chancellor, Judges, and Benchers opened proceedings by dancing three times round the sea-coal fire.

Hawthorne, in his "English Note Books," writes of the Hall of the Middle Temple—

Truly it is a most magnificent apartment; very lofty, so lofty, indeed, that the antique oak roof is quite hidden, as regards all its details, in the sombre gloom that broods under its rafters. . . . There are arched lights high towards the roof at either end, full of richly and chastely coloured glass, and all the illumination of that great hall came through those glorious panes.

The old distich says—

Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,  
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall.

But how few out of the many who might enjoy the public benefits of the Inns of Court turn aside from the busy streets!—

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,  
There whilom wont the Temple knights to bide  
Till they decayed through pride.

In the old days the Knights Templar lived in Holborn; but they came to the Temple in 1184 and stayed until Edward II. suppressed their Order in 1313 and gave the property to Aymer de Valence. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem succeeded; but the land was leased to the Inns of Court; and the law was no longer taught in hostels. James I. gave the Temple to the lawyers in the course of a speech in the Star Chamber, in which he declared that only three classes of people had any right to settle in London—"the courtiers, the citizens, and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court."

Chaucer was a student of the Middle Temple; and in the famous gardens of the sister Inn, Shakspeare puts the choice of emblems associated with the Wars of the Roses. The passage is too familiar to need quotation.

The roses have gone now; but the chrysanthemums help to supply their place. The Temple Church holds a sarcophagus of Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, though her ashes are probably at Fontevault, and Henry II., who was anxious to be buried in the Temple, lies in Fontevault too.

Lincoln's Inn has received its King upon more than one occasion. The Benchers entertained King James I. and King Charles I. with Masques at a cost that was for those days enormous. Lincoln's Inn occupies the site of the town house of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln; and the gateway, built in 1518, bears the arms of its builder, Sir Thomas Lovel. New Inn Hall is comparatively modern, and is chiefly remarkable for G. F. Watts's great fresco, "The Origin of Legislation." Clifford's Inn dated from the very early fourteenth century, bequeathed in 1310 by Edward II. to "our beloved and faithful Robert de Clifford." Serjeants' Inn is a memory of the past. Staple Inn was originally a hostelry of the merchants of the Wool Staple, who were removed to Westminster by Richard II. in 1378. It became an Inn of Chancery in the time of Henry V., and was attached to Gray's Inn in the reign of Henry VIII. Barnard's Inn was attached to Gray's, and Furnival's (called after Sir William Furnival) to Lincoln's. Scroope's Inn and Thavies' Inn have gone.

Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Gay, Addison, Hawthorne, Dickens, and others of less note have helped to immortalise the Inns of Court, which still offer to the professional man a place where he may work in peace within a few yards of one of the main currents of London life. There is a charm about them that has moved many, but perhaps Charles Lamb, himself a child of these "quaint quadrangles of the law," has expressed it best. He writes—

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its churches, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places—these are my oldest recollections. . . . What an antique air had the now almost defaced sundials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coeval with the Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep.

"Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial hand  
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived."





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## LADIES' PAGES.

The majority of working women altogether fail to appreciate the truth that if due nourishment be not taken, brain and muscle will go "slow time." An old friend of mine, who was concerned in the building of the first railway in France, which was done with English capital, and largely by English labour, told me that when a stoppage in the work compelled the discharge of hundreds of hands, Mr. Brassey, the contractor (a man born in the labouring class, but a genius in his own way, and the founder of the fortunes of his family), used to go round the works at dinner-time and silently note the men who had not provided themselves with a substantial meal; these he selected for subsequent dismissal, so convinced by experience was he that the good eater is the good worker. Sir Edward Blount, who was associated with Brassey in that enterprise, states in his recently published memoirs that the British navy was proved to be capable of a third more hard work than his French brother; and, of course, the solid diet favoured of the British workman as compared to the French light repasts, in which savour is more regarded than substance, is notorious.

Speaking broadly, the ability for hard work of a nation corresponds to the nourishing character of its staple diet. This is more convincing than individual instances, though many great men have been equally great eaters. Handel, the composer, used to order dinner for five, and consume it all himself ("Gompany—I am the gompany," he told a waiter who objected to serving up dinner because "the company" had not come); Thackeray begged that no word should be spoken till he had finished his favoured *plat*; and Dr. Johnson declared that the man who did not care about his dinner would not care for the most important subjects. Doubtless many women workers execute their tasks less ably than they might do because they do not supply themselves with adequate nourishment upon which to work at high pressure. But the influence of food upon beauty will move more of us to interest. Brillat-Savarin, whose book on dining is a classic, declares that "la Gourmandise est favorable à la beauté. Une suite d'observations exactes et rigoureuses a démontré qu'un régime succulent, délicat, et soigné repousse longtemps et bien loin les apparences extérieures de la vieillesse"; and he declares that "other things being equal, she who knows how to eat will be comparatively ten years younger than her contemporary who is a stranger to this science"! No doubt, women who are becoming stouter than they think pleasant not infrequently undermine their health, and so destroy their good looks most effectually, by dieting too strictly—starving, in short. At any rate, if the true way to preserve the heart of a husband is not to be beautiful or brilliant or affectionate, but



A BALL DRESS IN CHIFFON.

simply to "feed the brute," a wise woman will cultivate her own taste; for nobody was ever a good cook or caterer who was not personally a little of a *gourmande*. Dr. Kitchener ascribes the general inferiority of women cooks to their usually being themselves less gifted with good taste (in the strict sense of the word) than men cooks; and the great chef, Louis Eustache Ude, once cook to Louis XVI. and then to "Madame Mère" (Letitia Bonaparte), declares that "if a young man does not like good cookery himself he will never be a good cook."

But whether it be granted or not that women of the upper classes eat rather too little than too much in many cases, nobody can doubt who knows anything about the matter that the great crowd of unconsidered girls who work "in the City" are very badly fed. This is the case partly, no doubt, because they do not realise the necessity of taking sufficient food of a nourishing order; but partly also it is because they cannot afford the prices necessarily charged by the restaurants in that heavily rented part of town. A girl of this class recently stated that she had searched vainly within a radius of twenty minutes' walk from her office for a place where she could obtain a dinner of a slice of meat and vegetables for a price that she could pay. One of the works waiting here for a philanthropist is the provision of a restaurant for girls in the City, where warm, nourishing dishes can be bought at a modest price. In the centre of New York City there is such a girls' restaurant, and it is a great boon.

Women who are not very strong are prone to put away their cycles at this season of the year, to rub the bright parts with vaseline, tie over the saddle, and generally reduce the machine to a state impossible to be used. Where the exercise agrees with the health in every respect, however, it is a mistake to do this, as experience proves that in our winters many and many a day occurs fully suitable for riding. Knitted jerseys are exactly the garments required for this use; they are made to pouch a little, and are therefore loose-fitting and easy, besides being warmer than any perfectly close-fitting garment can be, as the layer of air warmed by wearing that rests inside a loose garment is always a source of protection against a chill wind. There are many pretty jerseys; those knitted with a silk thread in the midst of the woollen particularly please my taste, and one in cream wool and pale-lue silk is especially charming. A cardinal silk with blue wool was a little *voyant*, but capital for a country ride. As regards headgear, nothing beats a "tammy" for comfort. But this shape is not becoming to everybody. A French sailor is almost equally comfortable, and smarter for a woman who is no longer a gay, laughing girl, even though still young. A staff cap, such as is worn for motoring, or a yachting-cap of the time-honoured pattern, passes muster; and a close-fitting

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toque of soft silk, cashmere, or tweed trimmed simply with a quill defies the wet and wind alike.

Brighter and ever gayer grow the milliners' windows. There is an extraordinary feeling this season for gaudy, strong colours intermixed one with another. The reds particularly favoured are either magenta or violet-rouge, and these brilliant and strongly contrasted tones will be placed in close proximity. Then the shading that is so *à la mode* allows of one hat displaying, either in the velvet of its crown or in the feathers that trim it, a long series of bright shades—say, red, ranging from the palest pink to the darkest dahlia tints. A multitude of tiny flowers formed into a close wreath may be seen ranging through many shades of one full colour on a beaver or felt hat; and green and violet are believed to make a harmony that cannot be gainsaid. Round shapes gain in favour. The flat top with round brim that was called "pork-pie" in the days of its previous materialisation is to be seen again, chiefly in beaver, with very little trimming. One in white velvet spotted with black chenille pastilles was smart-looking; it was trimmed with a cluster of Czar violets and a twist of shaded purple velvet. Another pretty style is a felt hat turning up at the back, so that the velvet edging to the shape is visible from the front view. A grey felt bound with shaded red velvet, and having the crown covered with a white ostrich-feather, was an instance that was very becoming.

Tight-fitting basqued bodices, though much approved by the tailoring fraternity, and by them unsparingly recommended to customers, are "catching on" very slowly. The few specimens seen look particularly nice after the long reign of no-waistedness and general droopiness of our frocks. For a trim and graceful figure a closely fitting garment must needs be the most favourable. The proper style, if you intend to have one of the new close-fitting coats, is the Newmarket, with the basque put on at the waist-line with a visible join, and made double-breasted above. The collars, of course, turn down, and may be small, really mere revers—in fact, that is the true Newmarket finish. But as the pelerine effect is so fashionable, it is often smartly adapted to the basqued-fitting coat in the form of a deep shoulder-cape. Still, the sac coat or the semi-fitting one—this drawn in to the waist at the back, and either closing double-breasted or open with a slight pouch at the front—continues to be most worn. All this, of course, refers to coat-and-skirt costumes; but the same observations apply to dress bodices, strictly speaking. The basque is not yet greatly patronised, and the pouched front holds its own against any attempt at novelty. A



A NEW PALETOT.

few basques are seen under pouched upper portions in bodices; and one seeks in vain for a more practical and useful fashion for travelling-dresses or any sort of active exercise than the Norfolk bodice cut out in a little V-shape at the neck, turned back with tiny revers, showing a white starched collar and front, with a jaunty tie or a folded silk handkerchief of becoming colour at choice.

That evening dress illustrated reminds us of the revival of the pretty and suitable fashion of decorating dancing-frocks with artificial flowers. No garniture can be more pretty upon the delicate fabrics that are most suitable for this light and fragile order of frock. A natural affinity between youth and beauty in the wearer and the dainty freshness of flowers establishes itself. Yet the fashion has been "out" for some years. It has now returned, however; clusters of flowers fastening on ribbon bands, or long wreaths and trails of blossoms, appear very frequently on chiffon and tulle little evening frocks. The one depicted is in white chiffon, with rows of narrow ribbon and trails of flowers for trimming on the berthe and heading the flounces of the skirt. In the other illustration we note one of the fashionable lengths for a new paletot. The strappings of ribbon held on by big and prominent smart buttons are also a feature. The hat is the new Marquise shape made in astrachan fur.

Use cannot stale the wonder of the gramophone, the machine that so marvellously reproduces the sound of the human voice with all its inflections and peculiarities, as well as the louder music of an instrument or an orchestra. The talking machine has been much improved since it was first introduced, and has now attained practical perfection in the shape of the machine that won the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition, the gramophone made by the Columbia Phonograph Company, of 89, Great Eastern Street, E.C., whose instruments are the only ones by which such a distinction has ever been gained. The Columbia Phonograph

Company's gramophone is a capital home amusement, for it will not only sing your favourite songs at any moment that you desire it to do so, but will accompany the family's own choral efforts or play you a quadrille or a waltz for a domestic dance. Moreover, you can take your own "records": the singing of your favourite musical son or daughter, or the prattle of the children's gentle voices, can be secured and put away for future repetition. The company have just produced a very good and practical little gramophone, to sell at the trifling price of fifteen shillings; while for the larger sizes they have published "records" of the Grand Opera singers, such as Edouard de Reszké, Suzanne Adams, and Campanari. FILOMENA.

# The METROSTYLE PIANOLA

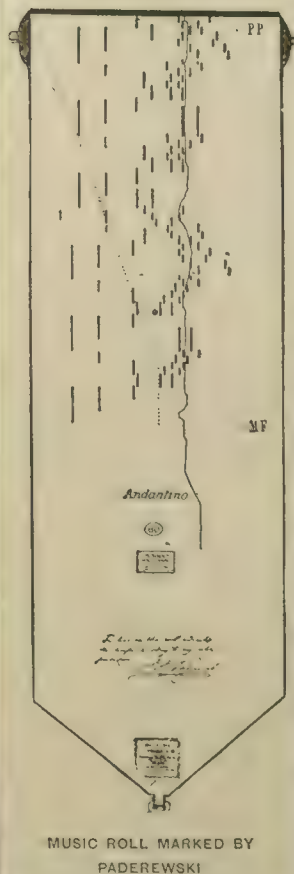
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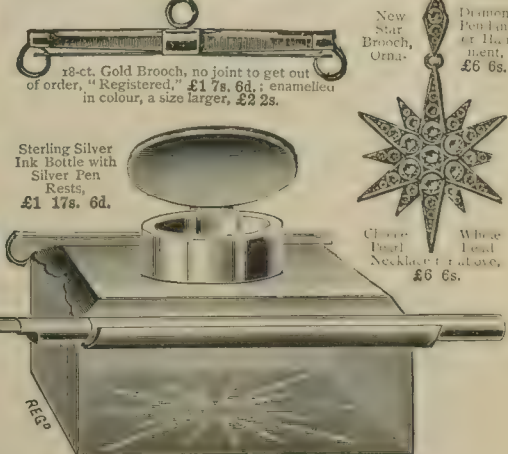
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## ART NOTES.

At the Fine Art Society's an exhibition of Sir Edward Poynter's work comprises his water-colour landscapes, a few portraits of women (also in water-colour), and the studio-sketches and studies in charcoal and pencil for the figures of his well-known pictures. Sir Edward Poynter is a draughtsman. When his "Israel in Egypt" appeared in bygone years at the Academy, it was a revelation of a power of drawing the figure very rare

mountain-markings, portraits of the hills and villages of the Italian lake country.

Also in the Fine Art Society's second room is a collection of Signor Pisa's water-colours of Italy, literal little views, and—these also—portraits, and not having their chief interest as signs of the artist's individuality. To their value as records, however, Signor Pisa adds no small charm of manner. He fills his drawings with character, life, and light; and those not contemptible

The interest of comparing his early with his later work is the interest of its sameness, not of its development, still less of any revolution in his methods or his aims. In the same gallery are gathered together, according to custom, a little group of masterpieces bearing the names of Corot, Rousseau, and—if we may have the pleasure of mentioning a contemporary name—Fritz Thaulow.

The Haymarket, which on Saturday afternoon is an art-market, offers also various attractions at Mr.



THE RAW MATERIAL.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN THE UNITED STATES: AN ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL FOR POLO PONIES AT SHERIDAN, WYOMING.

*The ponies are put through a four years' course, and if very dull are kept in training for five years. If, however, an animal fails in his examination at the end of his second year, he is utterly rejected and sinks to the level of a draught animal.*

in English Art. It may be said that drawing—mere drawing—has for a hundred years been neglected in England, now because painters could not, and now because they would not, draw. There is at present an opinion current amongst us that the quality of drawing—the security, the *edge*—is not important in comparison with the strictly pictorial methods. The President's studies have their own value in this connection. His water-colour landscapes are also, properly speaking, studies. They are extremely minute tracings of forest or

people who like a picture, partly at any rate, because it is the picture of a beautiful place, will find in these bright but modest water-colours a remembrance of exquisite things in Italy, of which they need not be, in the artistic sense, ashamed.

Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "Picture Gallery, Ancient Rome," familiar to the Academy-goers of two or three decades ago, may be revisited at Mr. Tooth's Gallery in the Haymarket. Sir Lawrence is a painter without a past, in the sense of having committed no artistic indiscretions.

McLean's Gallery, where specimens of Israels, Isabey, Cazin, and Lhermitte may be seen. These, of course, are the gems; and the setting of the fine work in the Haymarket galleries does not also do credit to the gems. The very different plan of arrangement adopted by Mr. Gutekunst in his rooms in King Street is the more appreciated; for there we get in what may be called "lonely grandeur" etchings of the Barbizon masters, with no admixture of what is common in conception or dirty in printing. From Corot's own hand the unconventional etchings here shown are about ten in number.—W. M.

## THE GAME OF SALTA.

There can be no doubt that "Salta" is one of the best games that have been invented for many years. This opinion is confirmed by the leading Court journals. The greatest charm is that it is absolutely simple; it is most fascinating to young and old, and promises to become one of the chief attractions of the coming winter evenings. Among the noted players of the game are the German Emperor and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who, when travelling, is never without her "Salta" board.

Since last winter a charming addition has been made in the form of new rules, called "Leap-frog Salta." This is purely a game of chance, and no doubt welcome to players who want to pass a pleasant hour and are fond of excitement, and is especially suited to young people.



SARAH BERNHARDT PLAYING HER FAVOURITE GAME "SALTA" WITH THE INVENTOR.

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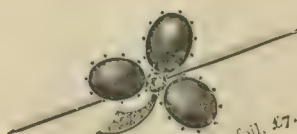
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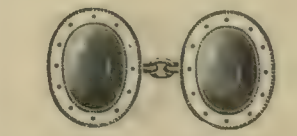
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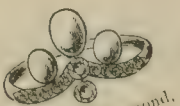
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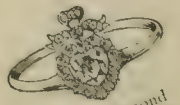
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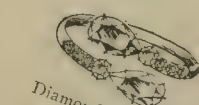
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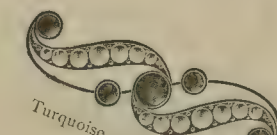
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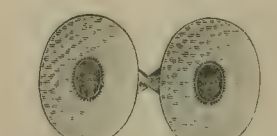
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Welldon has been abroad during October, and was prevented from preaching at Christ Church, Woburn Square, on the Sunday when the Mayor and Corporation of Holborn attended in state. It is now a regular custom for the civic dignitaries of the various London boroughs to visit the larger churches and chapels on Sundays during the autumn, and especially on "Citizen Sunday."

The Rev. Bernard Wilson, Vicar of Portsea, has been mentioned in connection with the vacant bishopric of Brisbane, but Mr. Wilson declined to be nominated, as he prefers to remain in his present populous parish. The former Head of Oxford House is working with great success in the district, which will always be associated with Dr. Jacob, now Bishop of St. Albans, and Dr. Lang, the present Bishop of Stepney. It is understood that the names of Archdeacon David and Bishop Dawes, of Rockhampton, are under consideration for the see of Brisbane.

The new church of Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, Kensington Gore, was consecrated last week by the Bishop of London. The building, which has been designed by Mr. G. F. Bodley, R.A., is in the style of the fourteenth century. The church will hold about eight hundred people, but at present only the nave and chancel and one aisle are completed. On Saturday Dr. Winnington-Ingram visited Muswell Hill, and, in presence of a very large congregation, consecrated the beautiful new church of St. Andrew.

Dean Armitage Robinson was the preacher on All Saints' Day at Westminster Abbey, and he is lecturing on Tuesdays during November on the Greek text of St. Luke's Gospel. These lectures, which are intended for the clergy and lay helpers, will be held in the Jerusalem Chamber. On the three



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, NOV. 12: A RECENT PORTRAIT OF DR. AND MRS. DAVIDSON.

Saturdays in Advent the Dean will lecture in the choir on the Athanasian Creed.

The Rev. J. W. Pratt, a well-known Evangelical clergyman, who has been Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, E.C., since 1879, has been appointed by the Bishop of London Rural Dean of the West City, in place of the late Prebendary Borrett White. The Rev. C. M. Harvey, Vicar of Hillingdon, succeeds to Dr. Borrett White's prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral.

One of the most interesting meetings of the autumn is the annual service of the London Lay Helpers at St. Paul's Cathedral. The attendance this year was very large, and the singing, which was led by the choir of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, was thoroughly congregational. Prebendary Ridgeway and the Bishop of Stepney conducted the service, and the preacher was the Bishop of Ripon.

The Bishop of Liverpool recently sustained an accident which prevented his fulfilling an engagement last week at Southport. He sprained his ankle, and his doctor has ordered him to rest.

Dr. Macarthur, the new Bishop of Southampton, who has returned to England, has addressed a farewell letter to the clergy of the diocese of Bombay. Referring to his breakdown, he points out that the Bishop's ill-health must always be a serious hindrance to the work of a diocese, while from the Bishop's own point of view, nothing can be more calamitous than loss of working power at a premature age. It is difficult, he writes, for one who has undertaken episcopal duties abroad to find suitable work when an emergency necessitates his return to England. The difficulty is one that increases every year that foreign service is continued. Dr. Macarthur is undoubtedly right in this allusion to the prospects of the Colonial Bishops when they return,

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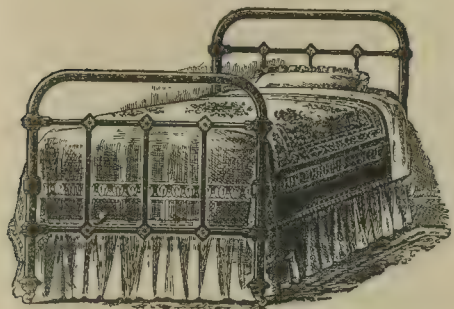
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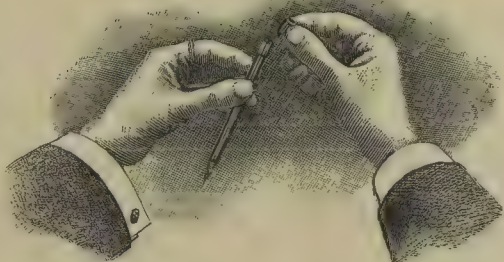
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Mix all the ingredients together but the meat and flour and let boil, draw back. Carefully lay in the slices of meat, which have been dipped in flour, and let simmer for five minutes to cook the flour. Serve hot and decorate with parsley.

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broken in health, to find themselves more or less out of touch with the work of the Church at home.

The electric light has been installed in Gray's Inn Chapel, which has hitherto been lighted by candles only. The old sounding-board, which was taken away half a century ago, has now been replaced.

Mrs. King Lewis, the distinguished Quaker lady who visited the concentration camps in South Africa during the war, has arranged to travel in Macedonia in order to administer relief funds provided by the Society of Friends. Mrs. King Lewis is a director of the London Missionary Society. V.

The Royal Waterloo Hospital is to be rebuilt, reorganised, and enlarged, and the new works were inaugurated by the Duchess of Albany at the end of last month. A balance of over £32,000 is still required to maintain the efficiency of this institution.

We commend to our readers' generosity the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, of Redhill, which, owing to straitened means, has been forced to limit the number of applicants for its benefits. The schools exist for the education of children of those once in prosperity, orphans or not.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 9, 1898), with two codicils (dated Aug. 2, 1900, and Sept. 30, 1901), of Mr. Alfred Webb Miles, of Rosslyn Tower, Putney Hill, and Brook Street, Hanover Square, tailor, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Oct. 22 by Miss Elma Grace Miles, the daughter, Edmund Walter Rushworth, and James Lockhart Spoor, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £308,850. The testator bequeaths £300 each to the Benevolent Institution for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Journeymen Tailors, the Master Tailors' Benevolent Institution, and the Commercial Travellers' Schools, Pinner; £200 each to the Consumption Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; £100 each to the Victoria Hospital, Folkestone, the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary, Margate, the Putney Free Library, the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, and the National Benevolent Society; and £100 to the Vicar of Putney. Mr. Miles also bequeaths £10,000 to his son-in-law James Lockhart Spoor; £500 each to his seven grandchildren; his residences at Putney Hill and Folkestone, with the furniture, etc., therein, in trust, for his daughters Elma Grace and Emma Jessie Blanche; £200 to Edmund Walter Rushworth; an annuity of £250 to his brother Bernard, and £150 per annum to his wife should she

survive him; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves to his three daughters Elma Grace, Emma Jessie Blanche, and Mrs. Amy Mary Spoor.

The will (dated March 31, 1897) of Mr. James Poole Wagstaff, J.P., of Gransden Lodge, Highbury Crescent, and Manor Park, Potton, Bedford, was proved on Oct. 22 by Mrs. Dorothy Josephine Wagstaff, the widow, and Charles James Noble, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £170,866. The testator gives the household furniture to his wife; £500 to Charles James Noble; £200, in trust, to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Potton; an annuity of £100 to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Turpin; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his wife while she remains his widow, and subject thereto for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 10, 1899), with a codicil (dated Nov. 21, 1901), of Mr. William Hancock, of The Bosquet, Putney Hill, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 27 by Lewis Beaumont, George Cutcliffe, and Walter William Barratt Hancock, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £69,283. The testator gives £500 and the household effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hancock; £100 each to Catherine Charlotte Cooper and Esther Scarborough; and £50

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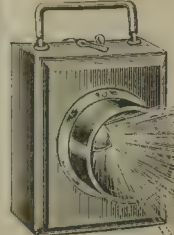
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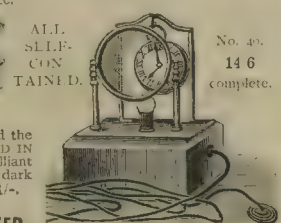
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each to his executors. The residue of his property is to be held in trust to pay the income thereof to Mrs. Hancock while she remains his widow, or an annuity of £500 should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children equally.

The will (dated July 31, 1895), with a codicil (dated Jan. 18, 1902), of Mr. Frederick Henry Bell, of Cannon Street, Birmingham, and The Courtlands, Oxford Road, Moseley, who died on July 7, has been proved by John Macdonald Nicholson and Sidney Hollingsworth, the executors, the value of the estate being £61,904. The testator gives £100 each to the Bluecoat School, the General Hospital, the General Dispensary, and the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham; £500 to his father, or should he be dead, then to his mother; and £500 each to his sisters Florence White, Blanche Lilian Macdonald, Maria Young, and Clara Annie Bell. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Marian Amelia Bell, absolutely.

Letters of Administration of the estate of Mr. Michael Sefi, of 7, West Cromwell Road, and 31, Threadneedle Street, E.C., who died on Sept. 21, intestate, have been granted to Mrs. Beatrice Yell Sefi, the widow, the value of the estate amounting to £47,189.

The will (dated July 25, 1896) of Mr. John Allen Brown, J.P., of 7, Kent Gardens, Ealing, who died on

Sept. 24, was proved on Oct. 24 by Mrs. Lucy Brown, the widow, and John Kennett Brown and Allen Bathurst Brown, the sons, the value of the property being £31,997. The testator gives the household furniture and his geological and other collections to his wife, and a small annuity to his sister. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to his children in equal shares.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Dec. 22, 1896) of Frances Jane, Dowager Marchioness of Ormonde, of The Castle, Kilkenny, who died on Aug. 26, granted to the Marquis of Ormonde and Lord James Arthur Wellington Foley Butler, the sons, was resealed in London on Oct. 29, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £25,501 11s. 9d. The testatrix gives £5000 to her son Lord James Arthur; £5000 each to her daughters Lady Mary Grace Fitzwilliam and Lady Blanche Henrietta Edwardes; and £5000, in trust, for her son Lord Theobald Butler and his wife and children. The residue of her property she leaves to her son Lord Arthur James.

The will (dated May 21, 1901) of Admiral the Hon. Albert Denison Somerville Denison, of Woodside, Wootton, Isle of Wight, who died on Sept. 2, has been proved by the Hon. Harold Albert Denison, the brother, and Gerald Otho Fitzgerald, the value of the property

being sworn at £14,085. After stating that his daughters are provided for, the testator gives £100 each to his executors, and the residue of his property to his son, Ernest William Denison.

Mr. Walter Judd, chairman and managing-director of Heywood and Co., Limited, presided at the birthday dinner, given at the Holborn Restaurant on Wednesday evening, to the staff of *Footwear*, the new weekly penny paper for the boot and shoe trade.

The growing popularity of winter tours to the West Indies is greatly due to the enterprise of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, whose splendid vessels will continue the service of cruises from November to February.

"Practical Advertising," an illustrated guide to the chief mediums of publicity, has been issued by Messrs. Mather and Crowther, of New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus. It gives the most exhaustive details as to space and rates, and is very methodically arranged.

Mr. Heinemann is bringing out in parts, at 5s. net, each, a series of reproductions in photogravure from the works of the great masters, with descriptive text by Sir Martin Conway. The period is from 1400 to 1800, and the first part contains examples of the work of Jan Steen, Reynolds, Van Dyck, and Hackaert.



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"The Military Governor of Paris has had posted up in all the barracks of the garrison placards illustrating pictorially the ravages wrought in the internal economy of man by excessive use of alcohol."

"These placards show on one side the organs of an unhappy wretch who is a prey to absinthe, bitters and common spirits, and on the other those of a man who confines himself to beverages of a tonic, health-giving character, such as the Dubonnet Tonic Wine."

The "PETIT JOURNAL."

"A certain Victor Cretat, 34 years of age, living in the Avenue d'Ivry, No. 64, wagered that he would drink twenty glasses of absinthe before his lunch. The appointed judges met at a café in the neighbourhood. After his eighth glass Cretat was obliged to stop, and a few minutes afterwards expired."

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## MUSIC.

Mr. Gervase Elwes, a tenor of great promise, was already familiar to the musical world before he gave his vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall on the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 26. Then it was evident he had made remarkable progress in his profession. His really beautiful voice was shown to greater advantage, and his excellent musicianship enabled him to sing brilliantly a long and varied programme. He began with the familiar "Adelaide" of Beethoven, which he sang with most graceful pronunciation of the German words; some old seventeenth and eighteenth century songs; the "Plaisir d'Amour" of Martini. Excerpts from Schumann, Rubinstein, and Schubert ("Der Einsame") were also given. His last group of songs were by Brahms, and were particularly appreciated. He gave two encores, repeating a song of Brahms, "Am Sonntag Morgen," and "Ich liebe dich" of Grieg.

On Friday, Oct. 30, Herr Emil Sauer gave his only recital this year at the St. James's Hall to a large

and most appreciative audience. In these days of a high standard of pianoforte-playing, Herr Emil Sauer has no difficulty in holding his own. Each year he comes back with the same exquisite touch, the same strongly marked individuality, and the same perfection of taste and of phrasing. It was unfortunate that he should have chosen the very long Sonata in B minor of Liszt for the first item; for it is played without a break, and half of Herr Sauer's audience were waiting impatiently outside the closed doors for fully thirty minutes. It is almost impossible to arrive in London always at the stroke of the hour, and the penalty for not doing so should be made as light as possible. Herr Emil Sauer played quite beautifully the "Traumeswirren" of Schumann, an Impromptu of Schubert, and a Prelude of Mendelssohn. Three movements of Chopin, a Ballade, a Nocturne, and a Polonaise, were given. The "Gnomesreigen" and "Mazeppa" of Liszt came at the end of a concert that ended almost on the score of generosity. The other items of the programme were the pianist's own compositions, and were heard with the greatest pleasure. A new

concert-study, "Au Vol," was graceful and a miracle of execution; "Propos de Bal" also required considerable technique.

An interesting piano recital was given on Wednesday, Oct. 28, by the Hungarian pianists Mdlle. Cornelia Holtory and Mdlle. Ida Kelen. They play together, but not duets; rather solo pieces arranged for two pianos by Herr H. Gobbi. Their ensemble is perfect, and they have a brilliant style and technique. M. I. H.

The Great Western Railway have issued a handy guide to their tourist arrangements from London and Ealing. These will remain in force till April 30.

J. W. Benson, Limited, watchmakers, of Ludgate Hill, have declared an interim dividend on the ordinary shares for the half-year, ending Sept. 30, of 10 per cent. per annum, and 5 per cent. on the preference shares.



1-lb. Sample Tin, 2/6; Postage 3d. extra.

Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., &c., &c., says: "I have subjected to analysis a specimen of the 'CRAVEN' Mixture of Tobacco, and have obtained very satisfactory results. I find that it is composed of pure tobacco leaf, and that the amounts of moisture and ash are not in excess. I can pronounce it to be very good tobacco."

The Lancet says:

"On analysis we could trace no objectionable flavouring agents or added sticky substances. The mixture is a blend of pure tobacco leaf, the proportion being such as to render it free from acidity and heat when smoked in a pipe."

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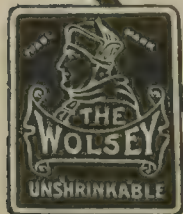
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## A Dip into a Handbook on Catarrh and Deafness.

The increasing prevalence of all forms of catarrh is bringing more and more to public attention the necessity for recognising the symptoms of this disease in its early stages, according to its effects upon the particular organ or organs of the body which it attacks. Nearly everyone knows, in these enlightened days, that a chronic cold may cause obstinate forms of catarrhal deafness, and ear, nose, and throat diseases; but there are few among the general public who know that catarrh also affects the stomach, liver, and kidneys, and reflexly the nervous system. To one who wishes to thoroughly understand catarrh in all its forms, the last issue of the *Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases* will be a nearly complete "Handbook." Deafness, and Nose and Throat Ailments are treated in full detail, and the symptoms of catarrh of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, are well described. Those who wish to understand the subject thoroughly can obtain, free by post, a copy of the *Review* by addressing the Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. With the *Review* is always sent a Patient's Report Form, by means of which free advice by post can be obtained. Whenever possible, however, the Editor advises patients to visit the Drouet Institute for a personal consultation with the medical staff. Consulting hours are—in the morning, 10 to 12; in the afternoon, 2 to 4, weekdays only. A fee of five shillings is charged for personal consultations.



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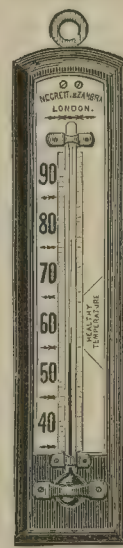
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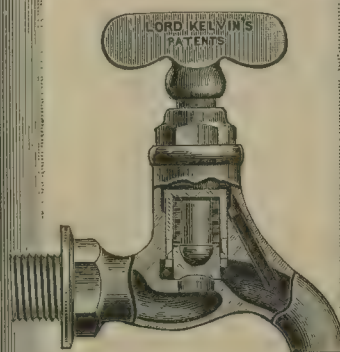
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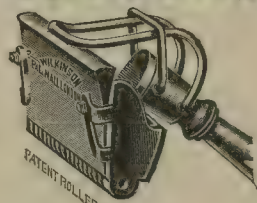
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is a skilful blend of pure talcum or magnesium silicate and boric acid. These two chemicals, being non-fermentable, cannot clog the pores of the skin, and so set up distressing eruptions which lead to much suffering. For this reason all vegetable violet powders should be rigidly avoided. Mennen's Talcum is recognised by all doctors as the best and safest skin powder known, on account of its purity and powerful antiseptic qualities. Instantly relieves prickly heat, chafing, sunburn, and all skin troubles. A necessity for Ladies' toilet use—for the nursery, and for men after shaving. Relieves unhealthy perspiring feet. Ten Million boxes sold last year. Be sure you get **MENNEN'S**.

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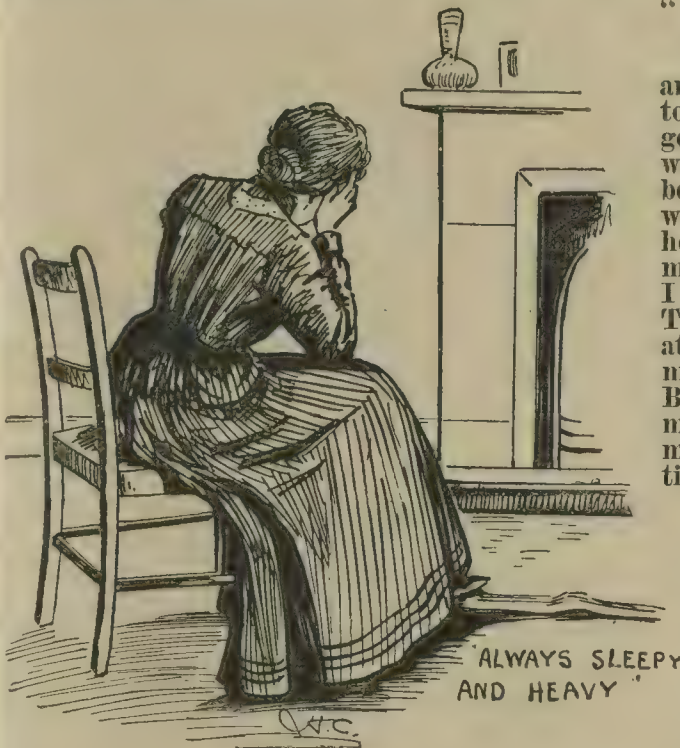
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**BILIOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND WEAKNESS COMPLETELY CURED.**



"ABOUT twelve months ago I began to suffer from distressing pains at the heart, and at the same time from biliousness and constant headache," said Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, of 2, Avinger Terrace, East Greenwich, when interviewed by a "Weekly Budget" reporter, and in reply to the Pressman's further interrogations, she added: "In those days I never went to bed at night or got up in the morning without a bad headache, and a night's rest did me no good whatever; in fact, I never succeeded in getting what one might call a night's rest. There was always a heavy beating at the heart, and a sensation as though there was a hard lump beneath it. The torture was dreadful. I could not lie on my left side for a moment, nor wear my stays or anything else that pressed tightly against my side. I always felt sleepy and heavy, though I could get no rest, and I had a terrible suffocating sensation, which at times made me think I should go out of my mind. I was thoroughly frightened, and worried so that I became as thin as a rake. All the time my head ached so much that I could not think clearly. The sight of food made me feel sick, and I became quite yellow with biliousness. I had doctors' attention and medicine three times, but no relief came from their physic. Then I tried various medicines. They did me no good, and when I was at my worst, I was advised to try Bile Beans. My husband and I thought the matter over—you see, we had almost lost faith in medicines altogether—and we decided, as a despairing hope, to try Bile Beans. They cured me, beyond a doubt. I improved from day to day after the first few doses, and by the time I finished the fourth boxful I was feeling and looking as well as you see me now."

Mrs. Allen has a family of nine children, and, as every mother knows, must have passed through worry and hard work enough to impair anyone's health. When thoroughly knocked up, however, Bile Beans restored her to robust health, and enabled her to resume her household work with comfort and cheerfulness.

Bile Beans for Biliousness are the finest, safest medicine, and promptly and permanently cure Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Liver Chill, Influenza, Rheumatism, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Change of Season Ailments, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Bile Beans for Biliousness are the product of modern scientific research, and therefore thoroughly up to date. They do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, and leaving the patient weakened, like the out-of-date, so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago, which contain probably aloes, mercury, and other harmful drugs. Bile Beans, without the slightest discomfort, prompt the liver and digestive organs to act in nature's normal way, leaving those organs strengthened and stimulated to continue the performance of their duties without further assistance. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach, and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half-a-hundred pills in the box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. ONE BILE BEAN IS ONE DOSE. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they do not contain any harmful drugs, and they are the SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

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FOR  
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**BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE. REAL HAMBURG GROUND.**  
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ALWAYS READY FOR USE  
ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.  
NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

**BLACK HANDLE,**  
**5/6 EACH.**

EACH RAZOR IN A CASE.

**IVORY HANDLE,**  
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PAIR IN CASE	18/-	21/-
FOUR "	32/6	40/-
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FOR TRAVELLERS.  
IN HANDSOME METAL CASE,  
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BEST BADGER HAIR.

5/6 ... 7/6 ... 10/6 each.



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SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TINS 1½ EACH

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Solar Whisky is 42/- per dozen, carriage paid, and may be ordered direct, or through our recognised agents.

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Perambulators & Mail Carts.  
NEW DESIGNS FOR 1903.

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BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.

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SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.

ILKLEY COUCHES, from 2½ Guineas.

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FOR USE UNDER SHADES

**KEITH'S**  
12 Years Old  
Blend.

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(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

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The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,  
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.

In Tins, 4s. 3d.  
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, Max, Roberts & Co., Butler & Cuspe, John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

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Absolutely Cure  
BILIOUSNESS.  
SICK HEADACHE.  
TORPID LIVER.  
FURRED TONGUE.  
INDIGESTION.  
CONSTIPATION  
DIZZINESS.  
SALLOW SKIN.

## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They TOUCH the LIVER

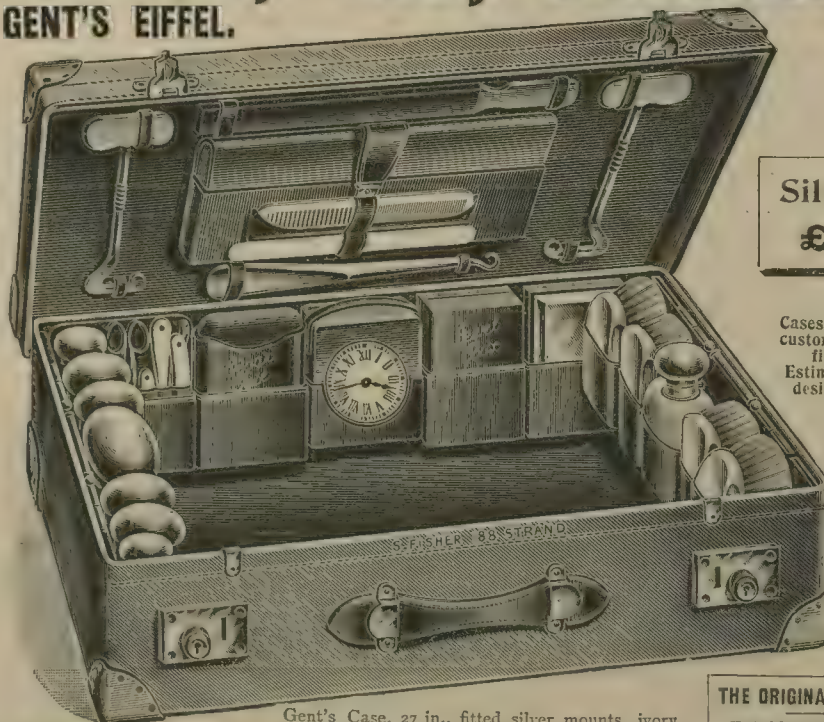
Genuine Wrapper Printed on WHITE PAPER, BLUE LETTERS.

Look for the Signature.

*Wm. Wood*

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GENT'S EIFFEL.



Silver,  
£23.

Cases made to customers' own fittings. Estimates and designs free.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM.  
Established 1838.

Gent's Case, 27 in., fitted silver mounts, ivory brushes, as shown. Price complete, £23.

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## PERTH WHISKY DE LUXE.



Matthew Gloag's  
Liqueur  
Scotch Whisky,  
"Grouse" Brand

41/- per dozen Bottles  
Net Cash. Carriage Paid  
Export, 21/- per case f.o.b.  
Sample 6d. Post Free.

**MATTHEW GLOAG, PERTH N.B.**  
Established 1800. Write for Price List.

## Carnations

9s. to 12s. dozen.

For description see our Catalogue (page 145).



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(290 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage. Please mention this paper.

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Prepared at Seeger's Hair Dye Laboratory, Berlin. "Seeger's Ol" far surpasses any French or English Dye, in that it does not impart the ludicrous sage-green, or red, or coffee, tints which characterize other Dyes. It contains no lead, no mercury, no sulphur. It has simply to be combed into the hair and remains permanent and washable. The testimony of hundreds of users confirms the fact that it is absolutely innocuous. Medical guarantee with each bottle. State Shade Required. Bottles 3s. 6d., packed in plain wrapper, post free. 3s. 9d. Trial Bottle, post free, 7d.

**TRIAL BOTTLE 6**

HNDES (LIVERPOOL), LTD.,  
1, Tabernacle St., London.





## A Bone of Contention.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN KOREA, THE "HERMIT KINGDOM," COVETED BY RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Photographs and Description by a Resident.



A MEMORIAL TABLET WITH THE LEGENDARY TURTLE BASE.

*This tablet, over two hundred years old, was put up to tell the story of the white marble pagoda sent over by the Emperor of China as a present to the King of Korea. The top is finished off with entwined dragons, which shows it is of Buddhistic origin. The view is from the rear. Below is the turtle which is used as the foundation of all Korean monuments, because the people believe the turtle supports the world.*

For one day in his life each Korean is allowed to wear a civil officer's uniform and to receive the honour bestowed upon a magistrate: it is his wedding-day. Anywhere from eight to fourteen years of age the little gentleman is married. As he stands in the hired costume, he is a great contrast to the demure bride at his side. As in other countries, the bride is a great centre of attraction. It is feared she will be so overcome through seeing her husband for the first time that her relatives glue her eyelids together. Etiquette forbids that she should speak to her husband for at least ten days; should she keep silence for three weeks, it is a sign of great virtue. History tells of one bride who spoke not a word during the first four months; but that same history fails to tell us whether she did not in the fifth month make up for lost time!

There is an ancient ceremony in connection with marriage that is fast passing away. It is called "Po-sam." A week or two before the wedding, the parents of the bride consult a soothsayer and fortune-teller to find what will be the future of their daughter. Should they learn that she will become a widow within twelve months, they will inveigle a boy into their house, a mock marriage ceremony will be performed, after which the boy will be strangled. The bride,

IN Korea there is a legend or some superstition attached to everything, as well as to almost every vicissitude of life. Of things governmental it is said all was chaos and there was no ruler until Heaven had pity on the people and sent them a King; hence, each ruling sovereign is spoken of as "the Son of Heaven," or "the Country's Father"; never by name. Posthumous titles are given, and it is by these only that the former Kings are known.

It was on the "Sacred Bamboo Bridge" that the first King of the present dynasty was killed. There is a discoloration in one of the stone slabs which the Koreans declare to be the bloodstain of the one slain there over five hundred years ago. The night after the blood was spilt a bamboo sprang up from the spot; this bamboo grew and grew until it was taller than any bamboo in the forest; but yet it did not cease to grow. At last, when its topmost feathery leaves reached the sky, they still went upwards, until finally the bamboo, roots and all, had disappeared. Hence the bridge is called the "Sacred Bamboo Bridge." A marble tablet in the little house just by it gives its history.

thus becoming a widow, deceives the spirits, and will be married to her betrothed husband with the assurance that he has naught to fear.

Should a girl die before marriage, her life has been a failure, since she has never been under the rule of a "lord of creation."—Were she to be buried in the family cemetery on the hillside, her unruly spirit would cause trouble among the ancestors; so a hole is dug in one of the great highways, and her remains are deposited therein without ceremony. It is believed that as travellers pass to and fro day by day over the grave, they will trample her unruly spirit into subjection.

Unhappy childhood marriages are a prolific source of legend and story. Of one of the high officials of the Court during the first half of the sixteenth century it is recorded that,



FULL MOURNING FOR A FATHER.

*The dress is of hemp cloth, with a hempen girdle. The flag-like contrivance in the mourner's hand is the face-shield used to show that he is a sinner, and must not speak to anyone unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only; secondary mourning is worn for a mother, none at all for a wife. The hat (seen on table) is of wicker. During the Chino-Japanese War the United States Minister ordered every American citizen to have in readiness a dress of this sort for disguise in case of flight.*



THE WOMEN'S FESTIVAL IN SONGDO.

*The eighth day of the fourth moon (about the beginning of May) is kept as the Women's Festival. On that occasion all the women and girls go out to the "Women's Valley," through which a stream runs, and for the rest of the summer the valley is open to women for bathing daily. In the tent is found a witch, who is consulted with regard to any family difficulties. The only men to be seen are the chair-coolies in the background, who have carried some of the women in sedan-chairs. The boy in the foreground is selling sweets, a kind of candy of glutinous rice and honey.*

though he was unusually handsome, he failed to get a prize in the matrimonial market; he was horrified to find, when it was too late to draw back, that his wife's face was almost as broad as it was long, and its pockmarks were "as deep as thimbles." Keeping his mortification to himself, he took his bride home; but his mother, not being so noble-spirited, heaped every possible indignity upon her daughter-in-law, and thrashed her so often that her life was miserable beyond endurance. One day the bride ran off to a miserable hut and stayed there, deliberately starving herself. She sent a message to her husband, saying: "I am dying, and all I ask of you is to bury me in some place where the waters will run over my grave and so cool my fevered



## CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN KOREA, THE "HERMIT KINGDOM," COVETED BY RUSSIA AND JAPAN.



WEARING THE WOODEN COLLAR, OR "CANGUE."

This differs from the collar worn in China in being narrower, though longer. It allows the criminals to reach their heads, so that they can feed themselves, beat off the flies, and so forth, which is a mercy not shown to a Chinese prisoner. The Chinese collar stretches out about eighteen inches in every direction from the head.



THE CAPITAL OF THE KOREAN DYNASTY: SONGDO.

The city is swung like a hammock between the two mountains. The diameter of the Imperial City is about three miles, and the area is enclosed by a wall. There are eight gates, and this view is taken from about the centre of the city. Immediately above these steps, of which we see three flights, was the old audience-hall. The stones, about twenty feet long, that flank the stairs are dovetailed into each other. This is the only city on this plan in Korea.



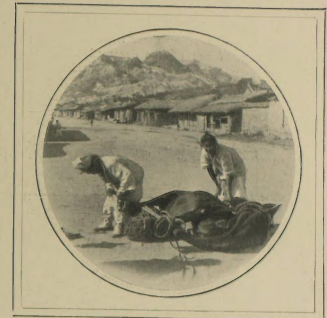
THE EMPEROR OF KOREA.

The Emperor wears on the breast, shoulders, and back pieces of embroidery with figures of dragons, to indicate that he is an imperial personage. If he were a military personage, his embroidered symbols would be tigers; or if a civil officer a stork. The hat is peculiar to the King and the Crown Prince.



A CORNER OF SEOUL, FROM THE SOUTH MOUNTAIN, OR NANSAN.

The two-storied brick building behind the tree is the Japanese Consulate, and to the right the Japanese Legation. The big brick building to the left is the German Legation. To the right is the chimney of the old Mint, now the prison for political offenders. On the hill is the Russian Legation. On the extreme right is the British Legation. The low buildings are the Palace. In the depression in the hills is the Peking Pass, through which the Russians cut a military road.



SHOEING THE OX.

The foot are bound back, and the ox rolled over on the ground. The head is pulled over to prevent the animal from struggling. The ox is the principal beast of burden. It is used for ploughing, for pulling Korea's only vehicle, and for carrying loads. The bull-cart is crude, heavy, cumbersome, and springs, and is used only in a few localities.



KOREANS BUILDING A MUD WALL.

The method is very like that adopted at home in building a cement wall. The earth is damped with water, and then gathered up in handfuls and poured into a frame, after which it is beaten and stamped down. Behind the man pouring in the earth is the "giggie," which is the native name for the carrying-frame upon which all burdens are borne in Korea. With these frames strong men will carry 50 lb.



A YOUNG WOMAN OF THE BETTER CLASS.

The girl wears the ordinary costume of her rank. The skirt is bound just under the armpits. The headress is open at the top, and has long streamers. Behind her is placed the official rank-badge, a tiger-rug—of German manufacture.



THE SEALED EYES OF THE KOREAN BRIDE.

The bride here shown is eleven; the bridegroom, nine. The groom is dressed in the official costume. The bride's face is heavily covered with powder and cosmetic. The centre of each cheek, of the lips, and of the forehead is touched with brilliant rouge. The eyelids are glued up, so that she cannot look upon her husband.



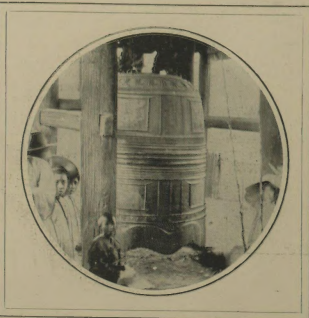
A MERCHANT OF REPUTE: THE WATER-CARRIER.

The water-carrier bears his buckets on an adaptation of the "giggie." The weight of the buckets suspended from the crossbeam is thus distributed over the small of the back and the shoulders. The water-carrier takes rank with the best merchant in the town.



TABLE UTENSILS ON SALE.

Korean table utensils are made of bell metal. The brass and tin are imported mostly from Japan, melted down, and each piece is cast in a sand mould, which is broken up after every casting. After being planed they take a very high polish. To the right stand two boys; to the left, in front of the men, is a girl. The easiest way to distinguish between the costume of a boy and a girl is the jacket, which in the boy is longer.



THE FINEST BELL IN KOREA.

This bell hangs over the big South Gate in the city of Songdo. It is rung by a beam of wood hung by two twisted leather thongs from the roof. The mouth of the bell is so near to the earings floor of the tower that the sound does not carry far.



"SEEING-GLASS-PLATE" SHOP: A KOREAN PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

A typical street scene. In this picture is seen a Korean photographer's shop. It is called "San-Chin-Pan," which by literal interpretation is "the seeing-glass-plate." A little boy in the group below the sign is in the ordinary summer costume; the man on the right wears the everyday street costume.



THE KOREAN METHOD OF IRONING CLOTHES.

A block of stone highly polished on the top is placed in a wooden frame. The garment is wrapped round a wooden roller, which is placed on the stone. Two women beat it vigorously with sticks, thus obtaining a gloss far superior to that produced by a flat-iron.



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE: JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SEOUL.

The men sit on little sledges, and fish through ice-holes. They stick a pole in the ice and to it fasten a mat as a shelter against the wind. Bass is mostly caught during the ice-fishing. In summer-time the fishermen fish from boats. In the background are two Government granaries.



THE HEAD OF AN ARCH-TRAITOR.

The Koreans formerly exposed the heads of traitors on a sort of tripod covered with straw. On the globe was placed a placard proclaiming the traitor's misdoing. In this picture the inscription runs: "The arch-perverter of the doctrine."

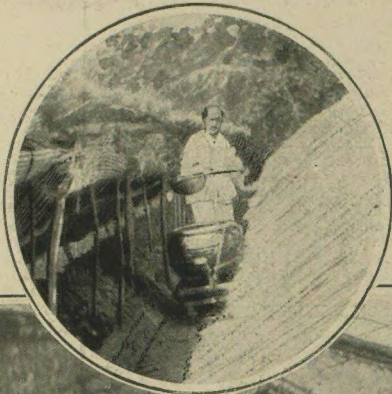


spirit." He paid no attention to this, but buried her remains on a hillside. The girl's ghost appeared to him at night upbraiding him for not heeding her petition. After this had happened many times he told the story to the King, who advised him to accede to the girl's request. The remains were exhumed and buried in the valley leading to the Hung-wha gate of Seoul. There is a rock rising sheer from the valley: on its face a huge figure of the deceased wife was engraved. In time this came to be considered a sacred spot, and people would leave offerings before the figure. Some Buddhist monks, seeing this, erected a canopy, confirmed the holy character of the place—and ate the rice!

The Koreans have a Cinderella story that is much more ancient than ours. The key of our story is

#### GINSENG CULTURE.

*The value of ginseng is in its root, which is sold to the Chinese as an antidote to opium, and is worth its weight in gold. The habits of the plant require it to be grown in semi-shade, hence the sheds.*



must stay until you have pulled up all the weeds in the field." This time a cow came out of the forest and ate up all the weeds in ten mouthfuls. Peach-blossom followed the cow into the woods and was led to where there was an abundance of ripe, luscious fruit; gathering a large quantity, she went to the fête and was the most welcome guest. Her jealous sister asked about it, and on being told, determined she would get some of this fruit for herself. So on the next gala day she let Peach-blossom go. The cow came out of the woods as before, and she followed it through tangled brier and thorn bushes, with the result that her face was much scratched and her skin-deep beauty all gone.

During the Korea Dynasty 918 A.D. to 1392 A.D., the Buddhist monks were in high favour at Court. It is said of one, Syen-chi by name, who by his misdeeds



"ACCORDING TO LAW."

*The prisoner is bound, hands, feet, and knees, to the chair (which is of Japanese importation). He was carried from the prison by means of a pole passed under his knees and borne on the shoulders of two men. The picture illustrates his being whipped on the bare shins. Sometimes as many as five hundred blows are given. The three other figures wear the old police costume, still retained in places.*



THREE MEN TO ONE SPADE.

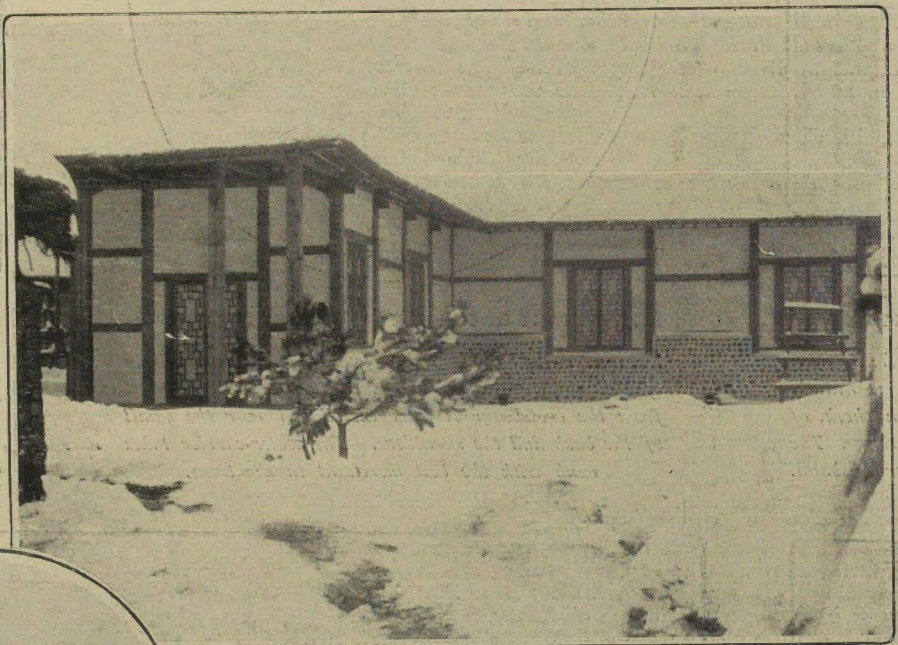
*The spade has a handle about eight feet long. The wooden bowl is tipped with iron, and has two straw ropes fastened to it. The man manipulating the handle pushes the spade into the ground. Then those holding the ropes throw an insignificantly small amount of earth a distance of about two feet. In the Korean fields one may often see nine men thus employed on one spade.*



LAYING A FLOOR IN A KOREAN HOUSE.

*The ridges in the picture are built of stone and mud, to convey the smoke and heat from the fireplace on the outside of the house to the chimney on the other side. Above these ridges are placed thin stone slabs. The chinks are filled up with mud, and the whole papered, thus giving a warm floor, which is chair, couch, and bed to the Korean.*

the slipper, but not so theirs. Peach-blossom (the girl's name) was the family drudge. One day, as the mother was starting off with the favourite daughter to a picnic, she said to Peach-blossom: "You must not leave until you have hulled a bagful of rice and filled the broken crock with water." While sitting there bemoaning her hard lot, she heard a twittering and a fluttering of wings. Looking up, she saw a flock of sparrows pecking the hulls off the rice. Before recovering from her surprise, a little imp jumped out of the fireplace, and so skilfully repaired the crock that but a few minutes of work were required to fill it with water. She went to the picnic and had a royal time in spite of the angry looks of her mother. On another occasion the mother said: "You



THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN THE CITY OF SONGDO.

*This church can accommodate over one thousand people. The social customs prevent men and women from associating with each other, or even speaking to one another. The church was, therefore, built in the shape of an L: the pulpit and altar are placed in the angle; so that the minister actually preaches to two congregations, and is the only one who can see the entire audience.*



THE HOLY BAMBOO BRIDGE.

*This bridge is enclosed in a stone balustrade, as shown in the picture. The stone bridge on the side has been put up to save the necessity of people crossing by the sacred bridge. Here the first King of the present dynasty was assassinated.*

had come under the ban of royal displeasure, that he hit upon the plan of working a "miracle," hoping thereby to regain his lost prestige. One night while all slept he dug a hole just outside his door and deposited in it a barrel full of beans, upon which he placed a golden image of Buddha, covering it only with sufficient earth to hide it from view. The following morning, when at the Court, he announced that he had had a revelation that if he watered the ground outside his door Buddha would rise therefrom. A crowd gathered; he watered the ground every hour; the beans began to swell, and the golden Buddha gradually pushed its way through the surface, while the interested spectators prostrated themselves. Syen-chi knew beans!



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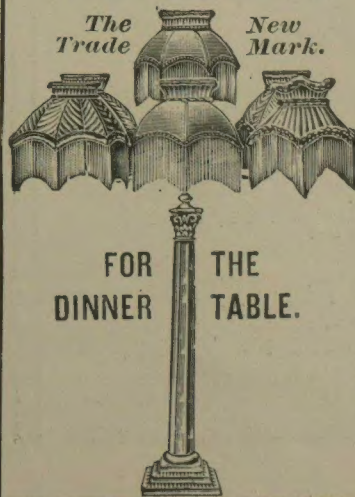
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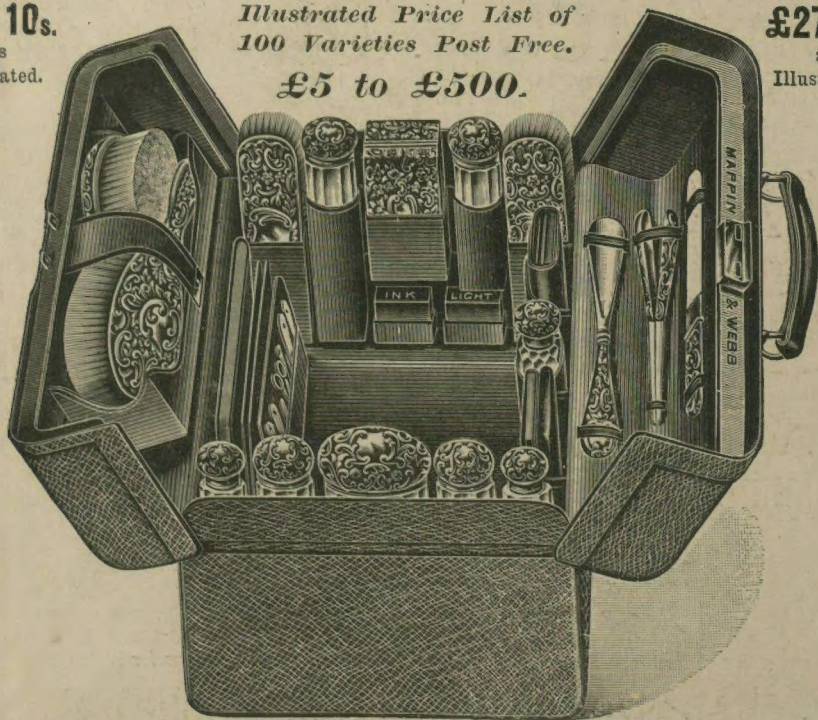
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